


THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE VOLUMES.

VOL. XXXV.

WATTS, Vol. III. with J. PHILIPS and S. M. P.





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page;
You majestic numbers mount the skies,
And tempt descending angels as you rise,
When soft applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine.

BRITANNICUM

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:

Printed for Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme;
Nichols and Son; J. Walker; Wilkie and Robinson; W. J. and
J. Richardson; F. C. and J. Rivington; Lockington, Allen, and
Co.; R. H. Evans; Cuthell and Martin; Scatcherd and Letter-
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Leigh; P. Wynne; J. Booker; and
SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.

DIVINE HYMNS,

COMPOSED ON THE SUBJECTS OF THE
SERMONS.

FOR SERM. I. II. AND III.

THE INWARD WITNESS TO CHRISTIANITY.

Long Metre.

QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more ;
Let CHRIST and joy be all our theme,
His spirit seals His gospel sure
To ev'ry soul that trusts His name.

JESUS ! Thy witness seals within ;
The mercy which Thy blood reveal
Refines the heart from stain and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

'Tis GOD's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew ;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow and own THY doctrine true.

The guilty wretch that trusts THY blood
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The sinful soul averse to GOD
Believes and loves his MAKER's laws.

WATTS. VOL. III.

Learning and Wit may cease their strife
 When miracles with glory shine ;
 The voice that calls the dead to life
 Must be almighty and divine.



THE SAME.

Common Metre.

WITNESS ye saints that **CHRIST** is true ;
 Tell how His name imparts
 The life of grace and glory too ;
 Ye have it in your hearts.

The heav'nly building is begun
 When we receive the **LORD** ;
 His hands shall lay the crowning stone,
 And well perform His word.

Your souls are form'd by wisdom's rules,
 Your joys and graces shine ;
 You need no learning of the schools
 To prove your faith divine.

Let Heathens scoff and Jews oppose,
 Let Satan's bolts be hurl'd,
 There's something wrought within you shows
 That **JESUS** saves the world.

FOR SERM. IV.

FLESH AND SPIRIT, OR THE PRINCIPLES
OF SIN AND HOLINESS.

WHAT vain desires and passions vain
Attend this mortal clay !
Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain
And drawn my heart astray.

How have I wander'd from my GOD,
And following sin and shame
In this vile world of flesh and blood
Defil'd my nobler frame !

For ever blessed be THY grace
That form'd my spirit new,
And made it of an heav'n-born race,
THY glory to pursue.

My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains,
And views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with ev'ry lust,
And charge my flesh, whene'er it rise,
To leave them in the dust.

How would my purer spirit fear
 To put this body on.
 If its old tempting pow'rs were there,
 Nor lusts nor passions gone !



FOR SERM. V.

THE SOUL DRAWING NEAR TO GOD IN
 PRAYER.

MY GOD ! I bow before THY feet ;
 When shall my soul get near THY seat,
 When shall I see THY glorious face
 With mingled majesty and grace ?

How should I love THINE, and adore
 With hopes and joys unknown before,
 And bid this trifling world be gone,
 Nor cease my heart so near THY throne !

Creatures with all their charms should fly
 The presence of a GOD so nigh ;
 My darling sins should lose their name,
 And grow my hatred and my shame.

My soul shall pour out all her cares
 In flowing words or flowing tears ;
 THY smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
 Nor should I seek my GOD in vain.

FOR SERM. VI.

SINS AND SORROWS SPREAD BEFORE GOD.

O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my GOD !
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain,
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

I'd say, ' How flesh and sense rebel,
' What inward foes combine
' With the vain world and pow'rs of hell,
' To vex this soul of mine !'

HE knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my GOD ;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake
And for my SAVIOUR's blood.

My GOD will pity my complaints
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

Arise my soul from deep distress
And banish ev'ry fear ;

HE calls thee to His throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

FOR SERM. VII.

A HOPEFUL YOUTH FALLING SHORT OF
HEAVEN.

Long Metre.

MUST all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, can Heav'n condemn,
The man whom JESUS deigns to love ?

The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due,
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
And thought he wanted nothing now ?

But mark the change : thus spake the **LORD**,
Come part with earth for heav'n to-day ;
The youth astonish'd at the word
In silent sadness went his way.

Poor virtues that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let **CHRIST**, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure !

Ah ! foolish choice of treasures here !
Ah ! fatal love of tempting gold !

Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heav'n so cheaply sold ?

In vain the charms of nature shine
If this vile passion governs me :
Transform my soul, O LOVE DIVINE !
And make me part with all for THEE.

FOR SERM. VIII.

A HOPEFUL YOUTH FALLING SHORT OF
HEAVEN.

Common Metre.

THUS far 'tis well : you read, you pray,
You hear GOD's holy word,
You hearken what your parents say,
And learn to serve the LORD.

Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways,
Your practice they approve ;
JESUS Himself, would give you praise
And look with eyes of love.

But if you quit the paths of truth
To follow foolish fires,
And give a loose to giddy youth
With all its wild desires ;

If you will let your SAVIOUR go
To hold your riches fast,

Or hunt for empty joys below,
You'll lose your heav'n at last.

The rich young man whom JESUS lov'd,
Should warn you to forbear,
His love of earthly treasures prov'd
A fatal golden snare.

See, gracious GOD, dear SAVIOUR! see
How youth is prone to fall,
Teach them to part with all for THEE,
And love THEE more than all.

FOR SERM. IX. AND X.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN.

Common Metre.

O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret sting,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his GOD,
His GOD in secret sees:

GOD THE FELICITY OF CREATURES. 13

Let earth be all in arms abroad
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
Till CHRIST his life appear.

He looks to heav'n's eternal hills
To meet that glorious day :
Dear LORD ! how slow THY chariot wheels,
How long is THY delay !

FOR SERM. XI.

NEARNESS TO GOD THE FELICITY OF
CREATURES.

Long Metre.

ARE those the happy persons here
Who dwell the nearest to their GOD ?
Has GOD invited sinners near,
And JESUS bought this grace with blood ?

Go then, my soul ! address the SON
To lead thee near the FATHER's face,

Gaze on His glories yet unknown,
And taste the blessings of His grace.

Vain vexing world, and flesh, and sense,
Retire while I approach my GOD,
Nor let my sins divide me thence
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.

While to THINE arms, my GOD! I press,
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Shall call my soul from THINE embrace;
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

FOR SERM. XII.

THE SCALE OF BLESSEDNESS, OR BLESSED
SAINTS, BLESSED SAVIOUR, AND BLESS-
ED TRINITY.

Common Metre.

ASCEND my soul! by just degrees,
Let contemplation rove
O'er all the rising ranks of bliss,
Here, and in worlds above.

Blest is the nation near to GOD
Where He makes known His ways;
Blest are the men whose feet have trod
His lower courts of grace.

Blest were the Levite and the Priest,
Who near His altar stood;
Blest are the saints from sin releas'd,
And reconcil'd with blood.

Blest are the souls dismiss'd from clay,
Before His face they stand;
Blest angels in their bright array
Attend His great command.

JESUS is more divinely blest,
Where man to godhead join'd
Hath joys transcending all the rest,
More noble and refin'd.

But O! what words or thoughts can trace
The blessed THREE in ONE!
Here rest my spirit, and confess
The INFINITE UNKNOWN.

FOR SERM. XIII. AND XIV.

APPEARANCE BEFORE GOD HERE, AND
HEREAFTER.

Common Metre.

WHILE I am banish'd from THY house
I mourn in secret LORD:
' When shall I come and pay my vows
' And hear THY holy word?"

So while I dwell in bonds of clay
Methinks my soul shall groan,
‘ When shall I wing my heav’nly way
‘ And stand before THY throne !’

I love to see my LORD below,
His church displays His grace,
But upper worlds His glory know,
And view him face to face.

I love to worship at His feet
Tho’ sin attack me there,
But saints exalted near His seat
Have no assaults to fear.

I’m pleas’d to meet Him in His court,
And taste His heav’nly love,
But still I think His visits short,
Or I too soon remove.

He shines, and I am all delight,
He hides, and all is pain ;
When will He fix me in His sight,
And ne’er depart again ?

FOR SERM. XV.

A RATIONAL DEFENCE OF THE

Common Metre.

SHALL Atheists dare insult the CROSS
 Of our REDEEMER GOD?
 Shall infidels reproach His laws,
 Or trample on His blood?

What if he chuse mysterious ways
 To cleanse us from our faults?
 May not the works of sov'reign grace
 Transcend our feeble thoughts?

What if His gospel bids us fight
 With flesh, and self, and sin?
 The prize is most divinely bright
 Which we are call'd to win.

What if the foolish and the poor
 His glorious grace partake?
 This but confirms His truth the more,
 For so the Prophets spake.

Do some that own His sacred name
 Indulge their souls in sin?
JESUS should never bear the blame;
 His laws are pure and clean.

Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
 Our lips profess His word,

Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the LORD.

FOR SERM. XVI.^A AND XVII.

THE GOSPEL THE POWER OF GOD TO
SALVATION.

Long Metre.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease, for the torment of the mind ?

How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n ?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean ?

In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till JESUS brings His gospel nigh ;
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirit up :
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the LORD.

Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines ;

Brought near the doctrine of the cross
All nature's gold appears but dross.

Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of JESUS vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in His name.

FOR SERM. XVIII.

FAITH THE WAY TO SALVATION.

Long Metre.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole:
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to CHRIST and saves the soul.

Lord! I believe **THY** heav'nly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the **LORD**
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

O may **THY** grace its pow'r display!
Let guilt and death no longer reign:

Save me in **THINE** appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

FOR SERM. ⁴**XIX.**

NONE EXCLUDED FROM HOPE.

Common Metre.

JESUS! **THY** blessings are not few,
Nor is **THY** gospel weak;
THY grace can melt the stubborn Jew
And heal the dying Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth **THY** salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

While grace is offer'd to the prince
The poor may take their share:
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

Be wise ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native pow'rs,
But to His **SOV'RGIGN** grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

Come, all ye vilest sinners come,
Let's **LEARN** form your souls anew:

His gospel and His heart have room
For rebels such as you.

His doctrine is almighty love ;
There's virtue in His name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

FOR SERM. XX. AND XXI.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. TRUTH, SIN-
CERITY, &c.

Common Metre.

LET those that that bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil :
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honor still.

True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear ;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For GOD and angels hear.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise ;
They know the GOD of truth can see
Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears

Firm to the truth, and when they die
Eternal life is theirs.

Lo ! from afar the LORD descends
And brings the judgment down ;
He bids His saints, His faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly ?



FOR SERM. XXII.

FAITHFULNESS.

Long Metre.

HATH GOD been faithful to His word,
And sent to men the promis'd grace ?
Shall I not imitate the LORD,
And practise what my lips profess ?

Hath CHRIST fulfill'd His kind design,
The dreadful work He undertook,
And dy'd to make SALVATION mine,
And well perform'd whate'er He spoke ?

Doth not His faithfulness afford
A noble theme to raise my song ?
And shall I dare deny my LORD,
Or utter falsehood with my tongue ?

My KING, my SAVIOUR, and my GOD!

Let grace my sinful soul renew,
Wash my offences with THY blood,
And make my heart sincere and true.

FOR SERM. XXIII.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. GRAVITY,
DECENCY, &c.

Long Metre.

ARE we not sons and heirs of GOD?
Are we not bought with JESUS' blood?
Do we not hope for heav'nly joys?
And shall we stoop to trifling toys?

Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?

Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honors of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay state,
Which children love and fools admire?

What, if we wear the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better dressed:
This flesh with all its gaudy forms
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

LORD ! raise our hearts and passions higher ;
 Touch our vain souls with sacred fire ;
 Then with an elevated eye
 We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
 We'll look on all the toys below
 With such disdain as angels do,
 And wait the call that bids us rise
 'To promis'd mansions in the skies.

FOR SERM. XXIV.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. JUSTICE
 AND EQUITY.

Common Metre.

COME, let us search our ways and try
 Have they been just and right ?
 Is the great rule of equity
 Our practice and delight ?

What we would have our neighbor do,
 Have we still done the same,
 And ne'er delay'd to pay his due
 Nor injur'd his good name ?

Do we relieve the poor distress ?
 Nor give our tongues a loose
 To make their names our scorn and jest,
 Nor treat them with abuse ?

JUSTICE AND TRUTH.

Have we not found our envy grow
To hear another's praise ?
Nor robb'd him of his honor due
By sly malicious ways ?

In all we sell, and all we buy,
Is justice our design ?—
Do we remember GOD is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine ?

In vain we talk of JESUS' blood,
And boast His name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of GOD
And prove unjust to men.

FOR SERM. XXV.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. JUSTICE AND
TRUTH.

Long Metre.

GREAT GOD ! THY holy law requires
To curb our covetous desires,
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,
To practise falsehood or deceit.

THY SON hath set a pattern too ;
He paid to GOD and men their dues
A dreadful debt He paid to GOD,
And bought our pardon with His blood.

HYMNS.

Amazing justice! boundless love!
Do we not feel our passions move?
Do we not grieve that we have been
Faithless to GOD or false to men?

Have we no righteous debt deny'd
Thro' wanton luxury and pride?
Nor vex'd the poor with long delay,
And made them groan for want of pay?

Have we ne'er thrown a needless shame
Or scandal on our neighbor's name?
O happy men, whose age and youth
Have ever dealt in love and truth!

But if our justice once be gone
And leave our faith and hope alone,
If honesty be banish'd hence
Religion is a vain pretence.

FOR SERM. XXVI.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. TEMPERANCE.

Long Metre.

Is it a man's divinest good
To make his soul a slave to food,
Vile as the beast whose spirit dies,
And has no hope above the skies?

Can meats, or choicest wines, procure
Delights that ever shall endure ?
Was I not born above the swine,
And shall I make their pleasures mine ?

Am I not made for nobler things,
Made to ascend on angels' wings ?
Shall my best pow'rs be thus debas'd,
And part with heav'n to please my taste ?

Can I forget the fatal deed
How Eve brought death on all her seed ?
She tasted the forbidden tree,
Anger'd her GOD, and ruin'd me.

Was life design'd alone to eat ?
What is the mouth, or what the meat ?
Both from the ground derive their birth,
And both shall mix with common earth.

GREAT GOD ! new-mould my sensual mind,
And let my joys be more refin'd ;
Raise me to dwell among the blest,
And fit me for THY heav'nly feast.

SECOND SERM. XXVII.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. CHASTITY.

Common Metre.

THE LORD how great His Majesty !
How pure are all His ways !
Sinners unclean offend His eye,
Nor stand before His face.

THOU hast ordain'd immortal woes
And everlasting fire,
To be the just reward of those
Who follow loose desire.

I hear, I read, the dreadful doom
Of Sodom in THY word,
And dares a feeble worm presume
Thus to provoke the LORD ?

Dear SAVIOUR ! guard me by THY grace
From thoughts and words unclean,
Nor let temptation gain success
To draw my soul to sin.

FOR SERM. XXVIII.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. LOVELY
CARRIAGE.

Common Metre

O'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,

Whose thoughts, and lips, and life, agree
To act a useful part.

When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in
And quench the kindling coals.

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

Their frame is prudence, mix'd with love,
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

Such was the SAVIOUR of mankind,
Such pleasure He pursu'd;
His flesh and blood, were all refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

LORD, I can these plants of virtue grow
In such a soul as mine?
Thy grace can turn my nature so,
And make my heart like THINE.

FOR SERM. XXIX.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. THINGS OF
GOOD REPORT.

Long Metre.

Is it a thing of good report
To squander life and time away,
To cut the hours of duty short
While toys and follies waste the day ?

To ask and prattle all affairs,
And mind all bus'ness but our own ?
To live at random, void of cares,
While all things to confusion run ?

Doth this become the Christian name
To venture near the tempter's door,
To sort with men of evil fame
And yet presume to stand secure ?

Am I my own sufficient guard,
While I expose my soul to shame ?
Can the short joys of sin reward
The lasting blemish of my name ?

O may it be my constant choice,
To walk with men of great renown,—
Till I arrive where heav'nly joys,
And never-fading honors grow !

FOR SERM. XXX.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY, VIZ. COURAGE
AND HONOR.

Common Metre.

Do I believe what JESUS saith,
And think His gospel true ?
LORD ! make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heav'nly zeal,—
That I may make thy pow'r appear,
And works of praise fulfil.

If men shall see my virtue shine
And spread my name abroad,
THINE is the pow'r, the praise is THINE,
My SAVIOUR and my GOD !

Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace,
They cast their honors at thy feet
And own their borrow'd rays.

FOR SERM. XXXI.

HOLY FORTITUDE, OR REMEDIES AGAINST
FEAR.

Common Metre.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the LAMB?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carry'd to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to GOD?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, LORD!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by THY word.

THY saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all THY armies shine
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
The glory shall be THINE.

FOR SERM. XXXII.

HOLY FORTITUDE, OR REMEDIES AGAINST
FEAR.

Long Measure.

WHEN tumults of unruly fear
Rise in my heart and riot there,
What shall I do to calm my breast
And get the vexing foe suppress?

What pow'r can these wild thoughts control,
This ruffling tempest of the soul?
Where shall I fly in this distress
But to the throne of glorious grace?

My faith would seize some promise LORD;
There's pow'r and safety in THY word:
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall tempt or drive my soul away.

I call the days of old to mind
When I have found my GOD was kind;
My heavenly friend is still the same,
SALVATION to His holy name,



HYMNS.

GREAT GOD! preserve my conscience clean,
Wash me from guilt, forgive my sin :
Thy love shall guard me from surprise
Though threat'ning dangers round me rise.

When fear like a wild ocean raves,
Let **JESUS** walk upon the waves
And say 'Tis I : that heav'nly voice
Shall sink the storm and raise my joys.



FOR SERM. XXXIII.

THE UNIVERSAL RULE OF EQUITY.

Long Metre.

BLESSED REDEEMER! how divine,
How righteous, is this rule of **THINE**,
'Never to deal with others worse,
'Than we would have them deal with us?'

This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tenderest wishes rest ;
We drew it from our inmost veins,
Where love sweetest resides and reigns.

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST. 35

Is reason ever at a loss ?
 Call in self-love to judge the cause.
 Let our own fondest passion shew
 How we should treat our neighbors too.

How bless'd would ev'ry nation prove
 Thus rul'd by equity and love !
 All would be friends without a foe,
 And form a Paradise below.

JESUS ! forgive us, that we keep
 THY sacred law of love asleep,
 And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
 Those savage passions, for our guide.

FOR SERM. XXXIV.

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST.

Common Metre.

How is our nature spoil'd by sin !
 Yet nature ne'er hath found
 The way to make the conscience clean,
 Or heal the painful wound.

In vain we seek for peace with GOD
 By methods of our own !
 JESUS ! there's nothing but THY blood
 Can bring us sinners home.

HYMNS.

The threat'nings of the broken law
Impress our souls with dread :
IF GOD His sword of vengeance draw
It strikes our spirits dead.

BUT THY illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by JESUS' hands.

Here all the ancient types agree,
The *Altar* and the *Lamb* :
And prophets in their visions see
SALVATION through His name.

'Tis by THY death we live, O LORD!
'Tis on THY cross we rest ;
For ever be THY love ador'd,
THY name for ever blest.

FOR SERM. XXXV.

FAITH AND REPENTANCE ENCOURAGED
BY THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.

Common Metre.

WHERE shall the guilty conscience go
To find a sure relief ?
Can bleeding bulls or goats atone
A balm to ease my grief ?

Will Popish rites and penances
Release my soul from sin?
What insufficient things are these
To calm the wrath divine!

GOD, the GREAT GOD, who rules the skies,
The GRACIOUS and the JUST,
Makes His own SON our sacrifice,
And there lies all our trust.

O never let my thoughts renounce
The gospel of my GOD;
Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once
In CHRIST's atoning blood.

Here rest my faith and ne'er remove,
Here let repentance rise,
While I behold His bleeding love,
His dying agonies.

With shame and sorrow here I own
How great my guilt has been:
This is my way t'approach the throne,
And GOD forgives my sin.

FOR SUNDAY NEXT.

CHRIST'S PROPITIATION IMPROVED.

Long Metre.

LORD! didst thou send THY SON to die
For such a guilty wretch as I?



HYMNS.

And shall THY mercy not impart
THY SPIRIT to renew my heart?

LORD! hast THOU wash'd my garments clean
In JESUS' blood from shame and sin? '
Shall I not strive with all my pow'r
That sin pollute my soul no more?

Shall I not bear my FATHER's rod,
The kind corrections of my GOD,
When CHRIST upon the cursed tree
Sustain'd a heavier load for me?

Why should I dread my dying day,
Since CHRIST hath took the curse away,
And taught me with my latest breath
To triumph o'er thy terrors, death?

O rather let me wail and cry,
' When shall my soul get loose and fly
' To upper worlds? when shall I see
' The GOD, the MAN, that dy'd for me?'

I shall behold His glories there,
And pay Him my eternal share
Of praise, and gratitude, and love,
Among ten thousand saints above.

FOR SEEM. XXXVII.

A CHRISTIAN'S TREASURE ; ' ALL THINGS
ARE YOURS, WHETHER PAUL, OR APOL-
LOS, OR CEPHAS, ' &c.

Long Metre.

HOW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich THY bounty KING of GRACE !
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

Paul is our teacher ; while he speaks
The shadows fly the morning breaks ;
His words like beams of knowledge shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

Cephas is ours ; he makes us feel
The kindlings of celestial zeal ;
While sweet Apollos' charming voice
Gives us a taste of heav'nly joys.

The springing corn, the stately wood,
Grow to provide us house and food ;
Fire, air, earth, water, join their powers,
All nature serves us in her course.

The sun rolls round to make our day,
The moon directs our nightly way ;
While angels bear us on their arms,
And sing us thro' the heavenly realms.

O glorious portion of the saints !
 Let faith suppress our sore complaints,
 And tune our hearts and tongues to sing
 Our bounteous GOD, our SOV'REIGN KING.

FOR SERM. XXXVIII.

ALL THINGS WORKING TOGETHER FOR
 GOOD.

Long Metre

MY soul ! survey thy happiness
 If thou art found a child of grace :
 How rightly is the gospel stor'd !
 What joy the promises afford !

' All things are ours ;' the gift of GOD,
 And purchas'd with our SAVIOUR's blood ;
 While the good SPIRIT shows us how
 To use and to enjoy them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days
 They help my LORD to speak Thy praise ;
 If bread of sorrow be my food
 Those sorrows work my real good.

I would not change my bless'd estate
 With all that flesh calls rich or great ;
 And while my faith on Jesus fast holds
 I envy not the sinner's fate.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE. 43

FATHER ! I was THY daily will,
THOU shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems THE best
Till death and Heav'n reveal the rest.

FOR SERM. XXXIX.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE.

Common Metre.

AND is this life prolong'd to me ?
Are days and seasons giv'n ?
Shall I not then prepare to be
A fitter heir for heav'n ?

I'll never let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone :
LORD ! I accept thy offer'd grace,
I bow before THY throne.

Now cleanse my soul from every sin
By my REDEMPTOR'S blood ;
Now let my soul and heart begin
The honors of my GOD.

Let me no more my soul divide
With sin's deceitful lure ;
Let cheerful hope and love and joy
Approach my heart no more.

My thankful heart and voice
The praises of my GOD

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And spread the savor of THY NAME
Where'er I spend my days.

On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state
May heav'n receive this soul of mine
To bliss divinely great.

FOR SERM. XL.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE LIVING ABOVE
THE DEAD.

Long Metre,

Awake my zeal, awake my love,
And serve thy SAVIOUR here below
In works which all the saints above
Which holy angels cannot do.

My faith and hope may see the LORD,
Though veils of darkness lie between;
Hope shall rest firm upon his word,
And faith rejoice in things unseen.

Awake my charity, and feed
The hungry soul and clothe the poor:
In heav'n are found no signs of need,
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul,
Maintain the fight, thy great reward.

Daily thy rising ~~and~~ control,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high ;
There are no fields of battle there :
LORD ! I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

Let ev'ry flying hour witness
I gain THY gospel fresh renew'd,
And when my life and labors cease
May I possess the promis'd crown.

FOR SERM. XLI.

DEATH OF MANKIND, SAINTS AND SINNERS
REAS IMPROVED.

Long Metre.

HAS death such vast destruction made ?
Does ev'ry hour increase the dead ?
Here I behold the guilt of sin
That brought this spreading mischief in.

GREAT GOD ! how awful and how just
THY law that turns our flesh to dust !
O let me learn how frail and I,
And all my life prepare to die.

When impious workings yield their breath,
And go unpardon'd down to death,

Awake my soul ! adore the grace
That gave thee a repenting space.

But when a saint with cheerful air,
Meets his last foe and feels no fear,
Our faith, our hope, and courage grow,
We learn to face the tyrant too.

We could renounce our all-things-here,
And wish that moment would appear
When we shall leave this world, and rise
To meet the joys above the skies.

FOR SERM. XLII.

DEATH OF KINDRED IMPROVED.

Common Metre.

MUST friends and kindred drop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone ?

Be Thou our comfort mighty GOD !
Our helper and our friend,
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led !

DEATH A BLESSING TO SAINTS,

While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief dispel,
Death will invite our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

FOR SERM. XLIII.

DEATH A BLESSING TO THE SAINTS,

Long Metre.

Do flesh and nature dread to die,
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near,
Afraid to have our labors done,
And finish this important war?

Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the GOD we love?
Why should we like this twilight so
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

There shall we see Him face to face,
There shall we know the GREAT UNKNOWN;
And JESUS with His glorious grace,
Shines in full light amidst the throne.



HYMNS.

When we put off this fleahy load
We're from a thousand mischiefs free,
For ever present with our GOD,
Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.

No more shall pride or passion rule,
Or envy fret, or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn, with downcast eyes,
And sin defile our souls no more.

'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where saints and angels ever blest
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.

O! for a visit from my GOD,
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road
To realms of everlasting day!

FOR SERM. XLIV.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY, AND
THE USE OF IT, OR ACCESS TO THE
FATHER THROUGH CHRIST BY THE
HOLY SPIRIT.

Common Metre.

FATHER OF GLORY! to Thy name
Immortal praise we give,

WHO dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

Immortal honor to the SON
Who makes THY anger cease ;
Our lives He ransom'd with His own,
And dy'd to buy our peace.

To Thy almighty SPIRIT be
Immortal glory giv'n,
WHOSE influence brings us near to THEE,
And trains us up for heav'n.

Let men with their united voice
Adore th' ETERNAL GOD,
And spread His honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

Let faith and love and duty join
One gen'ral song to raise,
And saints in earth, and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

DIVINE SONGS

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN.

' Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings THOU hast perfected praise.' Matt. xxi. 16.

PREFACE.

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE
EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are entrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world and that to come are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion, ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verses were at first designed for the service of GOD, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the word of the song of Moses, *Deut. xxxi. 19*. And we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing 'with grace in the heart,' but to 'teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs,' *Ephes. v. 19*; and there are these four advantages in it:

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion: and you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these Songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself when they have learned ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learned in verse, is longer retained in memory and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables, exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song, running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of Scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus, they will not be forced to seek relief, for an emptiness of mind, out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family at such a time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and there-

fore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book, was composed several years ago at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success ; so that you will find here, nothing that savors of a party ; the children of high and low degree, of the church of England, or Dissenters, baptized in infancy or not, may all join together in these Songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it if possible above contempt, so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these composures may be of more universal use and service.

I have added at the end, some attempts of Sonnets on Moral Subjects for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the ALMIGHTY GOD make you faithful in this important work of education ! may He succeed your cares with His abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the earth !

DIVINE SONGS

FOR CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heav'nly KING
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

How great His pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high, before His face.

Not angels that stand round the LORD
Can search His secret will,
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

Then let us join this holy throng,
And my first off'ring bring;
TH' ETERNAL GOD will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty MAKER'S praise,
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I sing th' almighty pow'r of GOD
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the WISDOM, that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the LORD
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with His word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

LORD ! how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION. 57

There's not a plant, or flow'r below,
But makes **THY** glories known,
And clouds ~~win~~ and tempests blow
By order from **THY** throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to **THY** care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But **GOD** is present there.

In Heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath ;
'Tis on His earth, I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye ;
Why should I then forget the **LORD** ?
Who is for ever nigh ?

SONG III.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

BLESS the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the mercy
That join'd in council to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit
 And from his glory fell,
 And we his children, thus were brought,
 To death and near to hell.

Blest be the LORD that sent His SON
 To take our flesh and blood ;
 He for our lives, gave up His own,
 To make our peace with GOD.

He honor'd all His FATHER's laws,
 Which we have disobey'd ;
 He bore our sins, upon the cross,
 And our full ransom paid.

Behold Him rising from the grave,
 Behold Him rais'd on high ;
 He pleads His merit, there to save
 Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne He reigns,
 And, by His pow'r divine,
 Redeems us from the slavish chains
 Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the LORD to judgment come,
 And, with a sov'reign voice,
 Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,
 While waking saints rejoice.

O! may I then with joy appear
 Before the JUDGE'S face,
 And with the blest assembly there
 Sing His redeeming grace !

SONG IV.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
 How many poor I see !
 What shall I render to my GOD
 For all His gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet GOD hath giv'n me more,
 For I have fed, while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold,
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold !

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
LORD! I am taught THY name to fear,
And do THY holy will.

Are these THY favors day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love THEE more than they,
And try to serve THEE best.

SONG V.

PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN
A CHRISTIAN LAND.

GREAT GOD! to THEE my voice I raise,
To THEE my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to THY sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land,
For rich Peru with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those, that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns !
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

THY glorious promises O LORD !
Kindle my hopes and my desire,
While all the preachers of THY word,
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

THY praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n,
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings THOU hast giv'n.

SONG VI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

LORD ! I ascribe it to THY grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard these glorious things
Which CHRIST revealed and brought from heav'n !

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worship idols, wood, and stone,
If they the Book of GOD had seen,
Or JESUS and His gospel known!

Then, if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles, and the Jews,
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT GOD! with wonder and with praise
On all THY works I look,
But still THY wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in THY Book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n,
But THY good word, informs my soul,
How I may climb to heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the LORD,
But fruits of life, and glory, grow
In THY most holy word.

Here, are my treasures hid,
Here, my best comfort lies,

Here, my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence, my hopes arise.

LORD! make me understand THY law,
Show what my faults have been,
And, from THY gospel, let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here, would I learn how CHRIST has dy'd,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the LORD,
That I was taught and learn'd so young
To read THY holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
 I can do nothing well :—
 And whither shall a sinner flee
 To save himself from hell ?

Dear LORD ! this Book of ^{the} PSALMS,
 Informs me where to go
 For grace, to pardon all my sin,
 And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn
 How CHRIST the Son of GOD
 Has undertook our great concern ;
 Our ransom cost His blood.

And now He reigns above,
 He sends HIS SPIRIT down
 To shew the wonders of His love,
 And make His gospel known.

O ! may that SPIRIT teach,
 And make my heart receive,
 Those truths which all THY servants preach,
 And all THY saints believe.

Then shall I praise the LORD,
 In a more cheerful strain
 That I was taught to read His word,
 And have not learn'd in vain.

SONG IX.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY GOD! *THY* piercing eye
 *Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie,
 All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say
 But in *THY* dreadful Book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and publish'd *there*,
 Be all expos'd before the sun
 While men and angels hear?

LORD! at *THY* foot, ~~aham~~'d I lie,
 Upward I dare not look;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from *THY* Book.

Remember all the dying pains
 That my **REDEEMER** felt,
 And let His blood, wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

O! may I now for ever fear,
 T' indulge a sinful thought,
 Since the great **GOD**, can see and hear,
 And writes down ev'ry fault.

SONG X.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

THERE is a GOD, that reigns above,
 LORD of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas;
 I fear His wrath, I ask His love,
 And with my lips I sing His praise.

There is a law which He has writ
 To teach us all what we must do:
 My soul to His commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
 LORD! I repent and seek THY face,
 For I have often broke THY law.

There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have
 Before the day of grace is fled;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
 To north or southward, there it lies;
 So man, departs to heav'n or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy, and love,
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
There sinners must, with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cruel end?
And may I hope, where'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend?

Then, will I read and pray
While I have life and breath,—
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY's the child whose younger years
Receive instructions well,

Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to GOD
'Tis pleasing in His eyes :
A flow'r when offer'd in the ~~bud~~,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes,
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
GRACE will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

TO THEE ALMIGHTY GOD! TO THEE
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us, to look back and see,
That our whole lives were THINE.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise,
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

WHY should I say, ' 'Tis yet too soon
 ' To seek for heav'n, or think of death ?'
 A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I, this day, may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine,
 Despise the gracious calls of Heav'n,
 I may be harden'd in my sin,
 And never have repentance giv'n.

What, if the LORD grow wrath, and swear
 While I refuse to read and pray,
 That He'll refuse to lend an ear,
 To all my groans another day ?

What if His dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse His offer'd grace,
 And all His love, to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place ?

'Tis dang'rous to provoke a GOD ;
 His pow'r, and vengeance, none can tell ;
 One stroke of His almighty rod,
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell,

Then 'twill for ever be in vain,
 To cry for pardon, and for grace,

To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my MAKER's face.

SONG XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

WHAT bless'd examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

JESUS who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child, as young as I,
And kept His FATHER's law.

At twelve, years old, He talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stood,)
Yet He obey'd His mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And bless'd their SAVIOUR's name ;
They gave Him honor, with their tongue,
While Scribes and Priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the LORD ;
Young Timothy, betimes was taught
To know His holy word.

Then why should I so long delay,
 What others learn so soon ?
 I would not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

SONG XV.

AGAINST LYING.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true ;
 And he that does *one* fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it *two*.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How GOD abhors, deceit and wrong ?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue ?

So did his wife Saphira die,
 When she came in, and grew so bold
 As to confirm that wicked lie,
 That just before, her husband told.

The LORD delights in them; that speak
 The words of truth ; but ev'ry liar

72 DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

Must have his portion in the lake,
That burns with brimstone and with fire,

Then, let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since GOD a book of reck'ning keeps,
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

SONG XVI.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For GOD hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions, growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too ;

But children ! you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands, were never made,
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild :
Live like the blessed Virgin's SON,
The sweet and lovely child !

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And as His stature grew,
He grew in favor both with men,
And GOD His FATHER too,

Now, LORD of all He reigns above,
 And, from His heav'nly throne,
 HE sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for His own."

SONG XVII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

W HATEVER brawls disturb the street
 There should be peace at home:
 Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
 That are but noisy breath,—
 May grow to clubs, and naked swords,
 To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son,
 To rage against another;
 So wicked Cain, was hurry'd on,
 Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis flight,

DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

But in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O LORD! our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove,
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES.

OUR tongues were made to bless the LORD
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words, and angry names, require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of 'hell fire,
That calls his brother, Fool.

But lips, that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff,
At holy things or holy men,
The LORD shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play,
Serv'd old Elisha so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
'Go up thou Bald-head, go;'

GOD quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb, from limb, to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

GREAT GOD! how terrible art THOU
To sinners ne'er so young!
Grant me THY grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

AGAINST SWEARING, AND CURSING, AND
TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore THY name ALMIGHTY GOD!
And devils tremble, down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of THY rod.

And yet, how wicked children dare
Abuse THY dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before THY face,
Who treated THEE with such disdain—
While THOU shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?—

Then, never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;

But I will praise THEE here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the LORD above—
'Tis that GREAT GOD, Whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly FATHER, Whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship, since I hear
Young sinners take Thy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard, to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too,—
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may live for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

SONG XXI.

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight,
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names and fight?—

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue,
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that's us'd to smack,
They learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

18 DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

MY GOD! I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

SONG XXII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOATHS.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learn'd to sin.

When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our cloathes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep, and silkworm, wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip, and the butterfly,
Appear in gaye coats than I;
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and dew've, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find,
Inward adornings of the mind:

Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear:
The SON of GOD, when here below,
Put on this bless'd apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mold;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this, on earth, would I appear,
Then go to heav'n, and wear it there;
GOD will approve it in His sight;
'Tis His own work and His delight.

SONG XXIII.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children, that would fear the LORD,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence, meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have not you heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the LORD,
To him, that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

300 DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How cursed is his name !
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those that worship GOD, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth, they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

WHY should I love my sports so well,
So constant at my play ?
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray ?—

What do I read my Bible for,
But, LORD ! to learn THY will ?
And shall I daily know THEE more
And less obey THEE still ?

How senseless is my heart and wild !
How vain are all my thoughts !
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

Make me THY heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray,

Since GOD will lend a gracious ear,
To what a child can say.

SONG XXV.

A MORNING SONG.

MY GOD, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the East,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O LORD! THY early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

AN EVENING SONG.

AND now another day is gone—
I'll sing my MAKER's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
LORD ! give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And thro' the hours of darkness, keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since THOU wilt not remove,
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in THY love.

SONG XXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

THIS is the day when CHRIST arose
So early from the dead,
Why should I keep my eyelids close,
And waste my hours in bed ?

This is the day when JESUS broke
The pow'rs of death and hell,
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word,
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn THY will, O LORD!

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n;
O! may I love this blessed day
The best of all the sev'n!

SONG XXVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

LORD! how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship THEE!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry LORD!
The truths, and doctrines of THY word,

64 DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

That I may break ~~thy~~ laws no more,
But love THEE better, than before.

With thoughts of CHRIST, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine.
That hoping pardon thro' His blood,
I may lie down and wake with GOD.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OUT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT PUT INTO SHORT RHYME FOR CHILDREN, EXODUS XX.

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but ME.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of GOD in vain.
4. Nor dare the sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a witness lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

THE SUM OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OUT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, MATT. XXII. 37.

WITH all thy soul, love GOD above,
And as thyself, thy neighbor love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE,
MATT. VII. 12.

BE you to others, kind and true,—
As you'd have others be to you ;
And neither do, nor say, to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD, AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE GOD with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbor, as yourself :
Be faithful just and kind ;
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you :
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

THE HOSANNA,* OR SALVATION ASCRIBED
TO CHRIST.

Long Metre.

HOSANNA to King David's SON,
WHO reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the PRINCE, of heav'nly birth,
WHO brings salvation down on earth.

* Out of my book of Hymns, I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the King, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these songs, according to the direction of parents or governors.

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her KING.

Common Metre.

HOSANNA to the PRINCE of GRACE!
Sion, behold thy King!—
Proclaim the SON of DAVID's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

Hosanna! to th' ETERNAL WORD
Who from the FATHER came;
Ascribe salvation to the LORD
With blessings on His name.

Short Metre.

HOSANNA to the SON
Of DAVID and of GOD,
WHO brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with His blood.

To CHRIST th' anointed King
Be endless blessing giv'n;
Let the whole earth, His glory sing,
WHO made our peace with Heav'n.

CHESA PATRE.

Long Verse.

TO GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE.

Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

Now let the FATHER, and the SON,
And SPIRIT, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the LORD.

Short Metre.

Give to the FATHER praise,
Give glory to the SON,
And to the SPIRIT of His grace
Be equal honor done.

A SLIGHT
SPECIMEN

OF
MORAL SONGS ;

*Such as I wish some happy and condescending
genius, would undertake for the use of children,
and perform much better.*

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed, plentifully, from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in civil life, both in city and country, (which would also afford matter for other divine songs.) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of GOD, and holy things, that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way, to deliver them from the temptation of, loving, or learning those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill-taint, to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vice.

1. THE SLUGGARD.

TIS the voice of the Sluggard; I heard him com-
plain

‘ You have wak’d me too soon, I must slumber
again.’

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy
head.

‘ A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ;’
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours with-
out number,

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt’ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass’d by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grew broader and higher ;
The clothes, that hang on him, are turning to rags :
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he
begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind ;
He told me his dreams, talk’d of eating and drink-
ing ;

But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
thinking.

Said I then to my heart, ‘ Here’s a lesson for me,’
That man’s but a picture of what I might be :
But thanks to my friends, for their care in my
breeding,

Who taught me by times to love working and
reading.

III. INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs
 Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
 With fleeces so clean and so white,---
 Or a nest of young doves, in a large open cage,
 When they play all in love, without anger or rage,---
 How much may we learn from the sight !

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud ;
 Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood ;
 So foul and so fierce are their natures ;
 But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
 Should be cleanly, and harmless, as doves, or as
 lambs,
 Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
 Should hinder another in jesting or play ;
 For he's still in earnest that's hurt :
 How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire !
 There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
 And tell you, ' 'Tis all but in sport.'

III. THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose ! what a beautiful flow'r !
 The glory of April and May !
 But the leaves are beginning to fall in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth, and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like the Rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name, by well doing my duty,
This will scent like a Rose, when I'm dead.

IV. THE THIEF.

WHY should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labor,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to come of sin—
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit?

Oft we see, a young beginner,
 Practise little pilf'ring ways,—
 Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
 Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
 Though we fancy none can spy ;
 When we take a thing forbidden
 GOD beholds it, with His eye.

Guard my heart, O GOD of heav'n !
 Lest I covet what's not mine ;—
 Lest I steal what is not giv'n
 Guard my heart, and hands, from sin.

V. THE ANT OR EMMET.

THESE Emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
 Without our regard or concern ;
 Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out, in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And, for winter, they lay up their stores ;
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresew all the frost and
 the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.



But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant,
If I take no due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time :
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be, in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness
shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiv'n ;—
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of
clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

VI. GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great
Others shall partake my goodness,
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them ;
 I deserve to feel the same
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues, —
 Why should I return them railing, —
 Since I best revenge my wrongs
 By my patience never failing ?

When I hear them telling lies,
 Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
 First I'll try to make them wise,
 Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean ?
 I'll engage the rich to love me
 While I'm modest, neat, and clean, —
 And submit, when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
 I shall meet, I hope, with pity,
 Since I love to help the weak,
 Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended ;
 What's amiss, I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still,
 O'er my humors and my passion,

As to speak and do no ill
Though it should' be all the fashion:

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying,
But in life behave so well
Not to be afraid of dying.

VII. A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain;
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just *such* is the CHRISTIAN; his course he be-
gins

Like the sun in a mist while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

A CRADLE HYMN.*

HUSH ! my dear ! lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed,
 Heav'nly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep my babe ! thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide ;
 All without thy care or payment :
 All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the SON of GOD could be,
 When from heaven He descended,
 And became a child like thee ?

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;
 Coarse and hard thy SAVIOUR lay,
 When His birth-place was a stable,
 And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe ! what glorious features,
 Spotless fair, divinely bright !
 Must He dwell with brutal creatures ?
 How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger
 Carnal sinners could afford,

* Some copies of this Hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public, at the end of these songs for Children.

To receive the heav'nly stranger?
Did they thus affront their LORD?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;

'Tis thy { mother* } sits beside thee,
 { nurse that }

And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the LORD of GLORY,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing,
Lovely infant how He smil'd!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo! He stumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen feed!
Peace, my Darling! here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

* Here you may use the words *brother, sister, neighbour, friend, &c.*



MORAL SONGS.

'Twas to save thee, child ! from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest REDEEMER came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust, and love Him all thy days,
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise !

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

1. SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

MY GOD! I love and I adore,
But souls that love, would know THEE more.
Wilt THOU for ever hide and stand
Behind the labors of THY hand?
THY hand unseen, sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls;
The starry arch proclaims THY pow'r,
THY pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r;
In thousand shapes and colors rise
THY wonders painted to our eyes,
While birds and beasts with lab'ring throats,
Teach us a GOD in thousand notes.
The meanest pin in nature's frame,
Marks out some letter of THY name.
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot or deep or high
Where the CREATOR has not trod,
And left the footprint of a GOD.

But are His footsteps all, that we
Poor grov'ling worms must know, or see?
THOU MAKER of my vital frame,
Unvail THY face, pronounce THY name,

MISCELLANIES.

Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which THOU hast form'd, THY language hear.
Where is THY residence? oh! why
Dost THOU avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense? THOU great UNKNOWN!
Say, do the clouds conceal THY throne?
Divide, ye clouds! and let me see
The POW'ER that gives me leave to BE.

Or art THOU all diffus'd abroad
Through boundless space, a present GOD,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near?
What shall I do to find THEE here?
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel THY presence at my heart,
To hear THY whispers soft and kind
In holy silence of the mind?
Then rest my thoughts, no longer roam
In quest of joy, for heav'n's at home.

But oh! THY beams of warmest love,
Sure they were made for worlds above!
How shall my soul her pow'rs extend
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach those heights, THY best abode,
And meet THY kindest smiles, my GOD?—
What shall I do?—I wait THY call;
Pronounce the word, my life my all!
Oh! for a wing, to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning-star!—
Fain would I trace th' immortal way
That leads to courts of endless day,—

Where the CREATOR stands confess'd,
 In His own fairest glories dress'd.
 Some shining spirit help me rise,
 Come waft a stranger through the skies ;
 Bless'd JESUS ! meet me on the road,
 FIRST OFFSPRING of th' ETERNAL GOD,
 THY hand shall lead a younger son,
 Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
 And place me near my FATHER's throne. }

II. TO DORIO. THE FIRST LYRIC HOUR.

' ALBIS dormiit in rosis,
 ' Liliisque jacens et violis dies,
 ' Primæ cui potui vigil
 ' Somnum Pieriâ rumpere barbito,
 ' Curæ dum vacuus puer
 ' Formosi legerem littora Narvis.
 ' Ex illo mihi posteri
 ' Florent sole dies, &c.'

Casimira.

ABOVE LINES IMITATED.

T WAS an unclouded sky. The day-star sat
 On highest noon. No breezes stir'd the grove,
 Nor the musicians of the air pursue'd
 Their artless warblings, while the sunny day

Lay all ~~all~~ and slumb'ring on the bosom
 Of the white lily, the perfum'd jonquil,
 And lovely blushing rose. Then ~~first~~ my 'harp,
 Lab'ring with childish innocence and joy,
 Brake silence, and awoke the ~~morning~~ hour
 With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,
 (Heav'n's highest work) the fair enamel'd meads,
 And tall green shades along the winding banks
 Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days
 Commenced harmonious; there began my skill
 To vanquish ~~the~~, by the sweet-sounding string.

Hail happy hour! O bless remembrance, hail!
 And banish woes for ever. Harps were made
 For heav'n's beatitudes: there Jesse's son,
 Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound,
 To the creating and all-ruling POW'R
 Not unattentive,—while ten thousand tongues
 Of hymning seraphs, and disbody'd saints,
 Echo the joys and graces round the hills
 Of Paradise, and spread MESSIAH's name.
 Transporting bliss! Make haste ye rolling spheres,
 Ye circling suns, ye winged minutes; haste,
 Fulfil my destin'd period ~~there~~, and raise
 The meanest son of harmony, to join
 In that celestial concert.

III. THE HEBREW POET.

THIS ODE REPRESENTS THE DIFFICULTY
OF A JUST TRANSLATION OF THE REALMS
OF DAVID IN ALL THEIR HEBREW GLO-
RY, WITH AN APOLOGY FOR THE IMI-
TATION OF THEM IN CHRISTIAN LAN-
GUAGE.

[THE FIRST HINT BORROWED FROM CASI-
MIRE, JESSÉA QULSUITS, &c. EGGE IV.,
ODE 7.]

SHEW me the man that dares, and sings,
Great David's verse to British strings;
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tow'r again.

The bard * that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,
Reaching at Sion, sham'd his skill,
And bids the son of Albion own
That Judah's Psalmist reigns alone.

Blest poet! now like gentle Thames
He soothes our ears with silver strains;
Like his own Jordan now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads.

* Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his Poem
called Cooper's Hill, filled in his translation of the Psalms of
David.

He marks their path with notes divine
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars,—and lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,—
The lyre resounds unknown affairs,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the GOD! th' ALMIGHTY KING
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing,
His ensigns lighten, round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait His course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse;
Earth trembles, and her mountains flow
At His approach like melting snow.

But who, those frowns of wrath, can draw
That strike heav'n, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from His eyelids broke,
His voice was thunder, hail and smoke.

His spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes His lyre
You see the frightened floods retire:

In heaps the frightened billows stand,
 Waiting the changes of His hand :
 He leads His Israel thro' the sea,
 And wat'ry mountains guard their way.

Turning His hand with sov'reign sweep
 He drowns all Egypt in the deep,
 Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
 Thro' deserts to the promis'd land.

Here, camps with wide embattled force,
 Here, gates and bulwarks stop their course :
 He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
 The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

See His broad sword flies o'er the strings,
 And mows down nations with their kings ;
 From ev'ry chord His bolts are hurl'd,
 And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
 And shews the face of GOD serene :
 Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, side
 With guards of justice at His side.

No meaner Muse could weave the light
 To form His robes divinely bright,
 Or frame a crown of stars to shine
 With beams for Majesty divine.

Now, in prophetic light, he sees
 Ages to come and dark decrees ;

He brings the PRINCE of glory down
Stript of His robe and starry crown.

See Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage,
See their combining pow'rs engage
Against th' ANOINTED of the LORD,
The man whom angels late ador'd !

GOD's only SON, behold He dies
Surprising grief ! the groans arise,
The lyre complains on ev'ry string,
And mourns the murder of her KING.

But Hēav'n's ANOINTED must not dwell
In death : the vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay ;
The grave reigns th' illustrious prey.

MESSIAH lives ! MESSIAH reigns !
The song surmounts the airy plains
T' attend her LORD, with joys unknown,
And bear the VICTOR to His throne.

Rejoice ! ye shining worlds on high,
Behold, the LORD of glory nigh ;
Eternal doors, your leaves display,
To make the LORD of glory way.

What mortal bard has skill, or force
To paint these scenes to tread this course,
Or furnish thro' th' ethereal road
A triumph for a rising GOD ?

Astonish'd, at so vast a flight,
Thro' flaming worlds, and floods of light,
My Muse her awful distance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling steps.

She bids her Hebrew verse explain
The humble harp's sublimer strain ;
Points to her SAVIOUR still, and shows
What course the sun of glory goes.

Here, He ascends behind a cloud
Of incense ;* there, He sets in blood :†
She reads His labors, and His names
In spicy smoke,† and bleeding lambs.†

Rich are the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and Jewish laws,
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

GRACE is her theme and joy and love :
Descend ye blessings from above
And crown my song. ETERNAL GOD!
Forgive the Muse that dreads THY rod.

Silent ! she hears THY vengeance roll,
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bolt, nor sheds
Th' immortal curses on their heads.

* Christ's intercession. † His sacrifice.

Yet since her GOD is still the same,
 And DAVID's SON is all her theme,
 She begs some humble place to sing
 In concert with JUDEA's KING.

IV. DIVINE GOODNESS IN THE CREATION.

WHEN GOD the new-made world survey'd;
 His word pronounc'd the building good;
 Sun-beams and light the heav'ns array'd,
 And the whole earth was crown'd with food,

Colors that charm and ease the eye
 His pencil spread all nature round,
 With pleasing blue HE arch'd the sky,
 And a green carpet dress the ground.

Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
 That nature wants of skill, or care,
 But turn their eyes all round in vain
 To avoid their MAKER's goodness there.

V. THE SACRED CONCEPT OF PRAISE.

COME, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade,
 Here let our different notes in praise conspire;
 'Twas the same hand your painted pinions spread,
 That form'd my sabbler pouter to raise His honors
 higher.

Fair songsters come ! beneath the sacred grove
We'll sit, and teach the woods our MAKER's
name :

Men have forgot His works, His pow'r, His love,
Forgot the mighty arm, that rear'd their wondrous
frame.

I search the crowded court, the busy street,
Run thro' the villages, trace ev'ry road :
In vain I search, for ev'ry heart I meet
Is laden with the world and empty of its GOD.

How shall I bear with men to spend my days ?
Dear feather'd innocents ! you please me best ;
My GOD has fram'd your voices for His praise ;
His high designs are answer'd, by your tuneful
breast.

Sweet warblers ! come, wake all your cheerful
tongues,

We join with angels and their heav'nly choirs ;
Our humble airs may imitate their songs,
Tho' bolder are their notes and purer are their fires.

Had I ten thousand hearts, my GOD ! my LOVE !
Had I ten thousand voices, all are THINE :
Where love inflames the soul, the lips must move,
Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme's
divine.

VI. THE WORLD A STRANGER TO GOD.

INFINITE beauty! everlasting love!
 How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from
 THEE!
 Th' ETERNAL GOD surrounds us, yet we rove,
 In chase of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

Oh! could I cry, and make the nations hear
 From north to south, my voice should teach **THEY**
 name;

I'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,
 And pay immortal souls, for glitt'ring dust or fame.

ALMIGHTY POW'R! break off these chains
 of sense,

Melt them away with love's celestial fire,
 Create the world anew; let man commence
 A seraph here on earth, let man to heav'n aspire.

VII. THE MIDNIGHT ELEVATION.

NOW reigns the night in her sublimest noon,
 Nature lies hush'd, the stars their watches keep,
 I wait thy influence gentle sleep;
 Come shed thy choicest poppies down
 On ev'ry sense: sweet slumbers seal my eyes,
 Tir'd with the scenes of day, with painted vanities.

In vain I wish, in vain I try
 To close my eyes and learn to die;
 Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly.
 Then be my thoughts serene as day,
 Be sprightly as the light,
 Swift as the sun's far-shooting ray,
 And take a wing'd flight :
 Swift fly my soul ! transcend this dusky skiet,
 And trace the vital world that lies
 Beyond those glimm'ring fires that gild and cheer
 the night.

There JESUS reigns, adored name !
 The second on the throne supreme,
 In Whose mysterious form combine
 Created glories and divine :
 The joy and wonder of the realms above,
 At His command, all their wing'd squadrons move,
 Burn with His fire, and triumph in His love.

There souls releas'd from earth's dark bondage live,
 My Reynold's there, with Howe and Boyle are
 found ;

Not time nor nature could their genius bound,
 And now they soar, and now they dive
 In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is
 They aid the seraphs while they sing, [down'd.
 GOD is their unexhausted theme :
 Light, life, and joy, from that immortal spring
 O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless
 stream.

Amazing state ! divine abode !
Where spirits find their heav'n while they are lost
in GOD.

Hail ! holy souls, no more confin'd
To limbs and bones that clog the mind ;
Ye have escap'd the snares and left the chains be-
hind. We wretches here below, [hind.
What do we see, or learn, or know,
But scenes of various folly, guilt, and woe ?
Life's buzzing sounds, and flatt'ring colors play
Round our fond sense, and waste the day,
Enchant the fancy, vex the lab'ring soul ;
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
Beholds the busy slav'ry we endure ;
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.

Reynolds ! thou late ascended mind,
Employ'd in various thought and tuneful song,
What happy moment shall my soul unbind,
And bid me join the harmonious throng ?
Oh for a wing to rise to thee !
When shall my eyes those heav'nly wonders see ?
When shall I taste those comforts with an ear
refin'd ?

Roll on apace ye spheres sublime !
Swift drive thy chariot round, illustrious moon !
Haste all ye twinkling measurers of time !
Ye can't fulfil your course too soon.

Kindle my languid pow'rs celestial love,
Point all my passions to the courts above,
Then send the convoy down to guard my last re-
move.

Thrice happy world ! where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute
our joys !
There, light and shade succeed no more by turns,
There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines and love for ever burns.

VIII.

- Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.
• ———— Alcinoique juvenus
• Cui pulchrum fuit in medio dormire dies, &c.

Horace.

ABOVE LINES PARAPHRASED.

THERE are a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.

The crows and ravens do the same,
 Unlucky birds of hateful name;
 Ravens or crows, might fill their place,
 And swallow corn and carcases.
 Then if their tombstone, when they die,
 Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
 There's nothing ~~more~~ will be said
 Than that ~~we~~ we eat up all their bread,
 'Drank up their drink and gone to bed.'

}

IX.

— 'EXACTO contentus tempore vite
 'Cedat uti conviva satur.—
 'Luxuri satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;
 'Tempus abire tibi.'

Horace.

WHICH MAY BE THUS PUT INTO ENGLISH.

LIFE's but a feast; and when we die
 Horace would say, if he were by,
 'Friend! thou hast eat and drank enough,
 'Tis time now to be marching off;
 'Then, like a well-fed guest, depart
 'With cheerful looks and ease at heart;
 'Bid all your friends good-night, and say,
 'You 'ave done the business of the day.'

REFLECTION.

DELUDED souls ! that sacrifice
 Eternal hopes above the skies,
 And pour their lives out all in waste
 To the vile idol of their taste !
 The highest heav'n of their pursuit
 Is to live equal with the brute ;
 Happy if they could die as well,
 Without a judge, without a hell !

X. YOUTH AND DEATH.

_____ ' TENER vitulus relictâ
 ' Matere, qui largis Juvencit herbis
 ' In mea vota :
 ' Fronte curvatos imitatus, ignes
 ' Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
 ' Quâ notam duxit niveus videri,
 ' Cætera fulvus.'

Horat.

ABOVE LINES PUT INTO ENGLISH.

A MILK-WHITE mark its spreading front adorns,
 Shap'd like a moon of three days old,
 The silver curve divides its budding horns,
 And all besides is gold.

The pretty creature, wild in wanton play,
 Now frisks about the flow'ry mead ;
 Loose from the dam it knows no grief to-day,
 But must to-morrow bleed.

XI. BABYLON DESTROYED, OR THE 137th
 PSALM TRANSLATED.

WHEN by the flowing brooks we sat,
 The brooks of Babylon the proud,
 We thought on Sion's mournful state,
 And wept her woes and wail'd aloud.

Thoughtless of ev'ry cheerful air
 (For grief had all our harps unstrung)
 Our harps, neglected in despair,
 And silent, on the willows hung.

Our foes who made our land their spoil,
 Our barb'rous lords, with haughty tongues
 Bid us forget our groans awhile,
 And give a taste of Sion's songs.

*How shall we sing in Heathen lands
 Our holy songs to ears profane ?
LORD! shall our lips at their commands
 Pronounce **THY** dreadful name in vain !

Forbid it Heav'n ! O vile abuse,
 Sion in dust, forbids it too :
 Shall hymns inspir'd, for sacred use
 Be sung to please a scoffing crew ?

○ let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Fast to my mouth in silence still,
Let some avenging pow'r bereave
My fingers of their tuneful skill.

If I thy sacred rites profane,
O Salem ! or thy dust despise,
If I indulge one cheerful strain,
Till I shall see thy tow'rs arise.

'Twas Edom bid the conqu'ring foe
' Down with the tow'rs, and raise thy walls :'
Requite her Lord ! but, Babel, know
Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance calls.

As thou hast spar'd nor sex nor age,
Deaf to our infants' dying groans,—
May some bless'd hand, inspir'd with rage,
Dash thy young babes and smite the stones !

XII. EPIITAPHIUM MONSTRI CUIUSDAM,

APUD ANGLOS VULGO DICTI

BIGOTRY.

Terræ et Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, viro ingenioso et vere pio,

JOHANNE REYNOLDS.

- ‘ HIC jacet (semperque jaceat!)
- ‘ Pietatis cadaver,
- ‘ Improbitalis corpus,
- ‘ Religionis larva,
- ‘ Sanctimonie hostis et umbra,
- ‘ Divini imago zeli, et pestis,
- ‘ Ecclesiis omnia simul, et lopus.
- ‘ Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lu-
- ‘ Romæ antiquæ natum, [men ademptum.
- ‘ Novæ in tutelam acceptum,
- ‘ In caliginosis Vaticani adytis,
- ‘ Humano sanguine et pulvere pyrio
- ‘ Nutritum, saginatum.
- ‘ Hispanicæ ditionis incola,
- ‘ Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
- ‘ Jamdudum gratissimis;
- ‘ Veteris quidem, novique orbis,
- ‘ Humani generis et commodi causâ
- ‘ Peregrinator assiduus.

- Linguarum utpote quarumcunque peritus,
- Sexûs itidem utriusque particeps.
- Mentium illuminator flammeus,
- Acutissimis dubitantium ductor,
- Qui laqueis, ensibus, incendiisque,
- Reluctantium animarum catervas
- Festinas in cœlum amandat,
- Celerrimûs orbis conversor.
- Conspirationum exitialium,
- Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
- (Mali reverà machinarum infandi)
- Artifex dexterrimus.

- Ecclesiæ sub nomine et cultu,
- Sub pelle ovina et vultu,
- Libertatis penitus ecclesiasticæ,
- Commerciî penè civilis,
- Ac societatis humanæ
- Indomitus vastator et prædo.

- Artibus politis, politicisque,
- Critices nexibus, logicæque strophis
- Calamorum, lingvæque telis,
- Conciliorum, canonumque bombardis,
- Cæterisque gentis togatæ armamentis
- Bellator instructissimus.

- Cui furor, ac odium, ac nequæ,
- Fastique ac sæculi amor,
- Perjuria, plæque fraudes,
- Truculentis partium studia,

- ' Impiis fidei, tyrannicisque,
- ' Obsequii proinde passivi,
- ' Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia
- ' Comites fuerunt, solennes.

- ' Cui nugæ, tricæque, calendæ,
- ' Quisquilæ, diræ, exquisitæque,
- ' Bullæ minantes, et bruta fulmina,
- ' Vota sacrilega, ac legendæ,
- ' Jecur theologicum, bilisque
- ' Aspera æque ac atra,
- ' Pompæ theatrales, ritusque
- ' Obsoleti simul et decentes,
- ' Cordi fuere et oïbo.

- ' Ordinis ut plurimum clericalis,
- ' Gregis potissimum Loyolitici,
- ' Congregationis præterea veneranda
- ' De propagandâ per orbem fide,
- ' Coccenatus antistes.

- ' Nobilissimæ inquisitionis curiæ,
- ' (Solertissimæ hæreticorum municipiæ)
- ' Primævus fundator, et preses.
- ' Amplissimo cardinalium concessui,
- ' Necnon sanctissimo S. R. ecclesiæ
- ' Patri capitique.
- ' A secretionibus semper comilia.

- ' Christiani insuper orbis totius
- ' Tam per orientales, quam occidentales

- ‘ Mundi plagas
- ‘ Misere secum melitantis
- ‘ (Et quid, queso, dicendum ?)
- ‘ Antesignanus semper triumphans.

- ‘ Insulae Britannicae extraneis ab hostibus
- ‘ Pelagi moenibus necnon ab navium
- ‘ Propugnaculis bene munitae,
- ‘ Bonis praeterea domesticis,
- ‘ Quae sacris, quae civilibus
- ‘ (Bona si tandem sua noverit)
- ‘ Omnium fortunatissimae
- ‘ (Proh dolor ! proh pudor !
- ‘ Intestinus divisor et belluo,

- ‘ I fuge viator, malignum
- ‘ Huiusce sepulchri vaporem !
- ‘ Lætare, festina, et ora
- ‘ Ne sphingi adeo nefandae
- ‘ Ullus in ævum
- ‘ Resurrectionis concedatur locus.’

XII. AN EPITAPH ON BIGOTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

Which was written by the late pious and ingenious

MR. JOHN REYNOLDS,

And inserted in the Occasional Paper, Vol. III. Numb. 6.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie)
 The carcass of dead Piety,
 Shadow of grace, substantial sin,
 Religion's mask and gaudy dress,
 The form and foe of holiness,
 The image and the plague of zeal divine.
 Its dwelling was the church ; in double shape,
 Half was a murd'ring wolf and half a mimic spe.

A monster horrid to the sight,
 Hideous, deform'd, and void of light ;
 'Twas born at Rome,
 'Twas nurs'd at home,
 In the dark cloisters of the Vatican ;
 Its lungs inspir'd with heaving lies,
 Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigious size
 With gunpowder and blood of man.

Ancient inhabitant of Spain,
 And long in France a welcome guest ;
 Over the continent and main,
 Over the old world and the new,
 Mankind and money to pursue,
 On dragons' wings the Harpy flew,
 And gave us fact no rest.

All languages the Fury spoke,
 And did of either sex partake :
 Flaming enlightner of the mind,
 And headlong leader of the blind,

Oft has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to speak
 While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind.

By gibbet, sword, and fire,
 It made whole tribes of men expire,
 And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,
 A swift converter of the world.

Dext'rous in all the arts of blood,
 Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
 Mysterious mischief, plots of state,
 Those murderous engines to destroy the good.

The Muse, here tiring, begs the reader's leave to
 release herself from the bonds and labors of
 rhyme and metre, by a mere imitation of the
 next thirty lines in prose.

Under the name and habit of the church,
 Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,
 It became the most savage, and rampant
 Plund'rer, and waster of human society,—
 Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
 And left religious liberty expiring.

A warrior well furnish'd
 With all arts, polinc and polye,
 With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,

The hamp'ring chains and subtilties of logic,
And the jav'lins of pen and tongue,
With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,
And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

Fury, hatred, and mischief,
Love of this world, pride and disdain,
With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds
And raging party-zeal,
Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.
High encomiums, and endless applause
Of guides infallible, and faith implicit,
Of hereditary and divine right,
Of unlimited pow'r, and passive obedience
To tyrant-priests and kings,
With the immortal praise and merit
Of stupid ignorance and blind submission,
Were heralds to prepare its way.

Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,
Legends and silly tales,
Old almanacs, and mouldy musty relics,
Sweeping of ancient tombs,
Vows, pilgrimages, charms and consecrations,
Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies,
Both decent and indecent,
Monkish vows and superstitious austerities,
With words of sacerdotal absolution
And sacerdotal vengeance,
Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
Roaring bulls, and vain thunders,

Mixt up with priestly choler bitter and black,
Were its delicious food.

[Now metre and rhyme proceed.]

A purple prelate, chosen to preside
Over the whole Imagination drove,
And all the clergy tribes beside,
All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love ;
In ev'ry diff'rent sect 'twas known,
It made the cassoc and the coul its own,
Now stalk'd in formal cloke, now flutter'd in the
gown.

At what dark hour soe'er,
The curst divan at Rome were met,
Catholic faith to propagate,
This monster fill'd the chair,
The conclave dress'd in bonnets red,
With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,
Made it their privy-counsellor.
The inquisition court (a bloody crew,
Artful to set the solemn trap,
That lets no heretic escape)
Owns it her president and founder too.

Of as the church in east or western lands,
Rising against herself in arms,
In her own blood unbru'd her hands,
This chief led on th' unnatural war,
Or did the bloody standards bear,
Or sound the fierce alarms ;

Victorious still. (And what can more be said
Of all the living warriors or the heroes dead?)

Britannia! a land well stor'd with ev'ry good
That nature, law, religion, gives,
A land where sacred freedom thrives;
Bless'd isle! if her own weal she understood.
Her sons immur'd, with guardian Ocean sleep,
And castles floating on the deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign foes. O shame, O sin!
Her sons had let this baleful mischief in;
This hellish Fury, who with flatt'ring breath
Did first divide and then devour,
And made wild waste where'er she spreads her pow'r;
Behold! she meets her fatal hour,
And lies inchain'd in death.

Shout at thy grave, O traveller!
Triumphant joys that reach the skies
Are here the justest obsequies;
Shout thrice, then fly' afar
The pois'nous streams, and stench of the sepulchre;
Go turn thy face to heav'n, and pray
That such a hateful monster never may
Obtain a resurrection-day.

XIII. AN HYMN TO CHRIST JESUS, THE
ETERNAL LIFE.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind?

Ye sons of moral wisdom show
The spring, whence living waters flow.

Say, will the Stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find these blissful streams
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

In vain I ask, for Nature's pow'r
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave,
Against the terrors of the grave.

JESUS! our kinsman and our GOD,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
THOU art our life; our souls in THEE
Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In THEE, our surety and our head:
THY cross, THY cradle, and THY throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
Th' ETERNAL LIFE and JESUS' name,
A word of His almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of THINE eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To me THY face to time THY love.

XIV. DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL
AND JONATHAN, 2 SAM. i. 19, &c. PARA-
PHRASED THUS.

UNHAPPY day ! distressing sight !
Israel, the land of HEAV'N's delight,
How is thy strength thy beauty fled !
On the high places of the fight
Behold ! thy princes fall'n, thy sons of vict'ry dead.

Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known
Among the streets of Askelon :
How will Philistia's youth rejoice
And triumph in our shame,
And girls, with weak unhallow'd voice,
Chant the dishonors of the Hebrew name !

Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew
Nor fruitful show'rs descend on you :
Curse on your fields, through all the year,
No flow'ry blessings there appear,
Nor golden ranks of harvest stand
To grace the altar or to feed the land.
'Twas in those inauspicious fields
Judean heroes lost their shields ;
'Twas there (ah base reproach and scandal of the
day !)

Thy shield, O Saul ! was cast away,
As though the prophet's horn had never shed
Its sacred odors on thy head.

The sword of Saul had ne'er till now
Awoke to war in vain,—
Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow,
Without an army slain.
Where truth and honor mark'd their way
Not eagles swifter to their prey,
Nor lions strong or bold as they.

Graceful in arms and great in war
Were Jonathan and Saul,
Pleasant in life, and manly fair,
Nor death divides the royal pair,
And thousands share their fall.
Daughters of Israel ! melt your eyes
To softer tears, and swell your sighs :
Disrob'd, disgrac'd, your monarch lies
On the bleak mountains pale and cold :
He made rich scarlet your array ;
Bright were your looks, your bosoms gay
With gems of ~~st~~al gift, and interwoven gold.

How are the princes sunk in death !
Fall'n on the shameful ground !
There my own Jonathan resign'd his breath :
On the high places where he stood
He lost his honors, and his blood ;
Oh execrable arm, that gave the mortal wound !

My Jonathan ! my better part !
My brother ! and (that dearer name) my friend !

I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart,
 And here my comforts end;
 How pleasant was thy love to me!
 Amazing passion, strong and free!
 No dangers could thy steady soul remove:
 Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,
 Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love.
 To name my joys, awakes my pain;
 The dying friend runs cold through ev'ry vein.
 My Jonathan! my dying friend!
 How thick my woes arise! where will my sorrows
 end?

Unhappy day! distressing sight!
 Israel, the land of Heav'n's delight.
 How are thy princes fall'n, thy son's of vict'ry slain!
 The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,
 With all the sully'd pomp of war,
 In rude confusion spread,
 Promiscuous lie among the dead:
 A lamentable rout, o'er all th' glorious plain.

IV. ON THE SIGHT OF QUEEN MARY IN
 THE YEAR 1694.

I saw the illustrious form, I saw
 Beauty that gave the nations law:
 Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
 In condescending grandeur shone.

That blooming face ! how lovely fair
Hath Nature mix'd her wonders there !
The rosy Morn such lustre shows,
Glancing along the Scythian snows.

Her shape, her motion, and her mien,
All heav'nly ; such are angels seen
When the bright vision grows intense,
And fancy aids our feebler sense.

Earth's proudest idols dare not vie
With such superior majesty ;
A kindling vapor might as soon
Rise from the bogs, and mate the moon.

I'll call no Raphael from his rest ;
Such charms can never be exprest :
Pencil and paint were never made
To draw pure light without a shade.

Britain beholds her Queen with pride,
And mighty William at her side
Gracing the throne, while at their feet
With humble joy three nations meet.

Secure of empire, she might lay
Her crown, her robes, and state away,
And 'midst ten thousand nymphs be seen ;
Her Beauty would proclaim the Queen.

Epworthian.

Her guardian angel heard my song ;
Fond man, he cry'd, forbear to wrong



MISCELLANIES.

My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
Gaze at the stars, and praise the skies.

Rudely they praise who dwell below,
And heav'n's true glories never know,
Where stars and planets are no more
Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor.

So where celestial virtues join'd,
Form an incomparable mind,
Crowns, sceptres, beauties, charms, and air,
Stand but as shining servants there.

xvi. On the effigies of his Royal Highness George late Prince of Denmark, and Lord High Admiral of Great Britain, made in wax, and seated at a banquet, near the effigies of the late Majesty Queen Anne. All happily performed in a very near imitation of the life by Chrysis, 1705.

So, look'd the hero coming from the board
Of naval counsels, and put off his sword;
So, sat the Prince, when with a smiling air
He relish'd life, and pleas'd his sov'reign fair.
Surprising form! scarce with a softer mien
Did his first love address his future Queen.
Publish the wonder, Fame; * but O! forbear
T'approach the palace and the royal ear,

* This poem was written just after Prince George's death.

Lest her impatient love, and wishing eye,
 Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn, and die.
 Or stay; the royal mourner will believe
 Her George restor'd, and so forget to grieve.
 What cannot Chrysis do? those artful hands
 Shall raise the hero: lo, in arms he stands!
 Fairbourn and Leake* submissive shall espy
 War on his brow and orders in his eye
 Auspicious, just, and wise: the fleet obeys,
 And the French pirates fly the British seas.

XVII. AGAINST LEWDNESS.

WHY should you let your wand'ring eyes
 Entice your souls to shameful sin?
 Scandal and ruin are the prize
 You take for fatal pains to win.

This brutal vice, makes reason blind,
 And blots the name with hateful stains;
 It wastes the flesh, pollutes the mind,
 And tears the heart with racking pains.

Let David speak with deepest groans
 How it estrang'd his soul from GOD,
 Made him complain of broken bones,
 And fill'd his house with wars and blood.

Let Solomon and Samson tell
 Their melancholy stories here,

* Two British Admirals.

How bright they shone, how low they fell,
When sin's vile pleasures cost them dear.

In vain you choose the darkest time,
Nor let the sun behold the sight.
In vain you hope to hide your crime
Behind the curtains of the night.

The wakeful stars, and midnight moon,
Watch your foul deeds and know your shame,
And GOD's own eye like beams of noon
Strikes through the shade and marks your name.

What will you do, when Heav'n inquires
Into those scenes of secret sin,
And last, with all its guilty fires,
Shall make your conscience rage within?

How will you curse your wanton eyes,
Curse the lewd partners of your shame,
When death with horrible surprise
Shews you the pit of quenchless flame?

Fly sinners! fly th' unlawful bed,
Let vengeance send you down to dwell
In the dark regions of the dead,
To feed the fiercest fires of hell.

XVIII. AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

It is not strange that ev'ry creature
Should know the measure of its thirst,

(They drink but to support their nature
And give due moisture to their dust ;)

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
And kills his soul to please his taste !

O what a hateful shameful sight
Are drunkards, reeling through the street !
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their shame on all they meet.

Is it so exquisite a pleasure
To trol down liquor through the throat,
And swill, and know no bound nor measure,
Till sense and reason are forgot ?

Do they deserve th' immortal name
Of Man who sinks so far below ?
Will GOD the MAKER of their frame
Endure to see them spoil it so ?

Can they e'er think of heav'n and grace,
Or hope for glory when they die ?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place
Among the shining souls on high ?

The meanest seat is too refin'd
To entertain a drunkard there ;
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,
Repent, or perish in despair.

XIX. PASSION AND REASON.

LET Astrapé forbear to blaze
As lightning does, with dreadful rays,
Nor spoil the beauties of her face;
To arm her tongue with thunder :
That reason hardly looks divine
Where so much fire and sound combine,
And make the way, for wit to shine,
By giving sense asunder.

Yet if I found her words grown warm
I'd learn some lesson by the storm,
Or guard myself at least from harm,
By yielding like Tranquillus.*
Tempests will tear the stiffest oak ;
Cedars with all their pride are broke
Beneath the fury of that stroke,
That never hurts the willows.

XX. COWARDICE AND SELF-LOVE.

IBLE igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrenacem ; nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.
Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
Sextimia, his armis, illâ quoque intus in pulâ.
Juvenal.

* A gentleman of penetrating judgment and a sedate temper,
beside of Astrapé.

ABOVE LINES PARAPHRASED THUS.

HE never was the man that dar'd to swim
 Against the rolling tide, or cross the stream ;
 He was no patriot, nor indulg'd his breath
 Bravely to speak his sense, and venture death.
 Thus he spun out his supple soul, and drew
 A length of life amidst a vicious crew ;
 Full fourscore years he saw the sun arise,
 Guarded by flatt'ry and intrench'd in lies ;
 For 'twas his settled judgment from his youth
 One grain of ease was worth a world of truth.
 O cursed idol Self !

The wretch, that worships thee, would dare to
 With impious feet, on his own father's head [tread
 To 'scape a rising wave, when seas the land in-
 vade :
 To gain the safety of some higher ground,
 He'd trample down the dikes, that fence his
 country round,
 Amidst a gen'ral flood, and leave the nation
 drown'd.

XXI. THOUGHTS AND MEDITATIONS IN
 A LONG SICKNESS, 1712 AND 1713.
 THE HURRY OF THE SPIRITS IN A PE-
 VER AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
 And my disease the tempest. Nature feels

A strange commotion to her inmost centre ;
 The throne of reason shakes. ' Be still my thoughts,
 ' Peace and be still.' In vain my reason gives
 The peaceful word ; my spirit strives in vain
 To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
 This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal pow'rs,
 Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
 Nor hear its laws.—The engine rules the man.
 Unhappy change ! when nature's meaner springs,
 Fir'd to impetuous ferments, break all order,
 When little restless atoms rise, and reign
 Tyrants in sov'reign uproar, and impose
 Ideas on the mind, confus'd ideas
 Of non-existents and impossibles,—
 Who can describe them ! fragments of old dreams
 Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields,
 And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,
 Abrupt, ill-sorted,—O 'tis all confusion !
 If I but close my eyes, strange images
 In thousand forms, and thousand colors rise,
 Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears and
 An endless medley, rush upon the stage, [ghosts,
 And dance and riot wild in reason's court
 Above control. I'm in a raging storm,
 Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul
 Like some light worthless chip of floating cork
 Is tost from wave to wave : now overwhelm'd
 With breaking floods I drown, and seem to lose
 All being ; now high-mounted on the ridge
 Of a tall foaming surge, I'm all at once

Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,
 The whistling wind :—unmanageable steed,
 And feeble rider ! hurry'd many a league
 Over the rising hills of roaring brine,
 Through airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed
 And infinite surprise, till some few minutes
 Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop
 Near to the peaceful coast ; some friendly billow
 Lodges me on the beach, and I find rest :
 Short rest I find, for the next rolling wave
 Snatches me back again ! then ebbing far
 Sets me adrift, and I'm borne off to sea
 Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,
 Beyond the ken of shore.

Ah ! when will these tumultuous scenes be gone !
 When shall this weary spirit, toss'd with tempest,
 Harass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,
 And hold it firm ? When shall this wayward flesh,
 With all th' irregular springs of vital movement
 Ungovernable, return to sacred order,
 And pay their duties to the ruling mind ?

XXII. PEACE OF CONSCIENCE, AND
 PRAYER FOR HEALTH.

YET, gracious GOD ! amidst these storms of
 nature

THINE eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm
 Reign through the realms of conscience ; all within
 M ?

Lies peaceful and compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
 Keeps off THY terrors from this humble bosom,
 Though stain'd with sins, and follies, yet serene
 In penitential peace, and cheerful hope,—
 Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
 THY vital smiles amidst this desolation,
 Like heav'nly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,
 Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
 Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light
 Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
 And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,
 A conscience and a GOD! a friend at home,
 And better friend on high! this is my rock,
 Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
 Against infernal arrows. Rise my soul!
 Put on thy courage: here's the living spring
 Of joys divinely sweet, and ever new,
 'A peaceful conscience and a smiling heav'n.'

My GOD! permit a creeping worm to say
 'THY SPIRIT knows I love THEE.' Worth-
 less wretch,

To dare to love a GOD! but grace requires,
 And grace accepts. THOU seest my lab'ring soul!
 Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
 It heats the trying furnace. Love divine
 Constrains me,—I am THINE. Incarnate love
 Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:
 Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,

Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature
 'I am the LORD's and HE for ever *mine*.'

O THOU all-pow'rful WORD! at whose first
 call

Nature arose, this earth, these shining heav'ns,
 These stars in all their ranks came forth, and said
 'We are THY servants;' didst THOU not create
 My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow
 A mind immortal on THY feeble creature
 Who faints before THY face? did not THY pity
 Dress THEE in flesh to die, that I might live,
 And with THY blood redeem this captive soul
 From guilt and death? O! thrice adored name,
 My KING, my SAVIOUR, my EMANUEL!
 say,—

Have not THY eyelids mark'd my painful toil,
 The wild confusions of my shatter'd pow'rs
 And broken flutt'ring thoughts? Hast THOU not
 seen

Each restless atom, that with vexing influence
 Works through the mass of man? each noxious
 juice,

Each ferment that infects the vital humors,
 That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,
 And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
 Beneath THY view, and all within THY reach?
 Yes,—ALL at THY command, and must obey
 THY sov'reign touch: THY touch is health, and
 life,

And harmony, to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight sighs, and morning
groans
Rise through the heights of heav'n, and reach
THY ear

Propitious ? See my spirit's feeble pow'rs
Exhal'd, and breathing upward to THY throne
Like early incense climbing through the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace
Descend with blessings like an ev'ning show'r
On the parch'd desert and renew my bloom ?
Or must THY creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans and die ?

Come bless'd PHYSICIAN ! come attend the moan
Of a poor suff'ring wretch, a plaintive worm,
Crush'd in the dust and helpless : O ! descend,
Array'd in pow'r and love, and bid me rise.
INCARNATE GOODNESS ! send THY influence
down

To these low regions of mortality
Where THOU hast dwelt, and, clad in fleshly weeds,
Learn'd sympathetic sorrows ; send and heal
My long and sore distress. Ten thousand praises
Attend THEE : David's harp is ready strung
For the MESSIAH's * name : a winged flight
Of soft harmonious and new honors wait
The steps of moving mercy.

* At this time my imitation of David's Psalms in Christian language was not half done : as fast as I recovered strength after this long illness I applied myself by degrees to finish it.

KXIII. ENCOURAGED TO HOPE FOR
HEALTH IN MAY. Dec. 1712.

CONFIN'D to sit in silence, here I waste
The golden hours of youth. If once I stir
And reach at active life, what sudden tremors
Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine
Lies flutt'ring ! What strange wild convulsive force
O'erpow'rs at once the member and the soul ?
Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
Of breathing clay, a burden to the seat
That bears these limbs, a sword'rer on the grave.
Poor state of worthless being ! while the lamp
Of glimm'ring life burns languishing and dim,
The flame just hov'ring o'er the dying snuff
With doubtful alterations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with ev'ry blast.

Yet my friends would speak a word of hope :
Love would forbid despair : ' Look out,' they cry,
' Beyond these glooming damps, while winter hangs
' Heavy on nature and congeals her pow'rs :
' Look cheerful forward to the vital influence
' Of the returning spring !' I rouse my thoughts
Friendship's sacred voice, I send my soul
To distant expectation, and support
The painful interval with poor amusements.

My watch, the solitary kind companion
Of my imprisonment, my faithful friend
Hangs by, and with a short repeated sigh
Beats like the gale of Time, and sweeps away
My years, a long succession, while the slow
Slow-moving, points out the slow-moving, ~~seconds~~

The slower hand, the hours. O thou dear engine!
 Thou little brass accountant of my life!
 Would but the mighty wheels of heav'n and nature
 Once imitate thy movements, how my hand
 Should drive thy dented pinions round their centre,
 With more than tenfold flight, and whirl away
 These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,
 These midnight stars! every star should speed its race,
 And the slow Beams precipitate their way
 Around the frozen pole; then promis'd health,
 That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace
 On a May sun-beam, should attend me here
 Before to-morrow sheds its ev'ning dew.

As foolish ravings of a fruitless wish
 And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
 My soul! the Pow'r that made thee? He alone
 Who form'd the spheres, rolls them in destin'd rounds
 Unchangeable; adore, and trust, and fear Him;
 He is the Lord of life; address His throne,
 And wait before His spot with awful hope
 Submissive; at His touch, thy temper flies;
 His eyelids send beams of immortal youth
 Through heav'n's bright regions; His all-powerful
 word

Can bid thee health, and bid the blessings come
 Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
 Conquered and subdued; or with a sov'reign frown
 (To shut all seasons all round) He can forbid
 The blighting in the spring, and chain slow down
 The golden and melodious, and quiverous banding,
 Through all the circling seasons.

XXIV. THE WEARISOME WEEKS OF SICKNESS, 1712 OR 1713.

THUS pass my days away. The cheerful sun,
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome
beams,

Alas ! in vain to me, cut off alike
From the bless'd labors and the joys of life,
While my sad minutes in their airsome train
Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows.
By night I count the clock, perhaps eleven,
Or twelve, or one ; then with a wishful sigh
Call on the ling'ring hours, ' Come two, come
five ;

' When will the daylight come ? '—Make haste
ye mornings,

Ye ev'ning shadows haste, wear out these days,
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
The weary week for ever——

Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
Sweet day of rest ! devote to GOD and heav'n's
And heav'nly bus'ness, purposes divine,—
Angelic work !—but not to me returns
Rest with the day : ten thousand hurrying thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous far from heav'n
And heav'nly works. In vain I leave my bed
And wrestle with my inward feelings
O'erpow'r'd and vanquish'd still, I lay me
down

From things celestial, and confine my quest

MISCELLANIES.

To present maladies ; unhappy state !
 Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
 Unholy idleness, a painful absence,
 And bound to bear the agonies and woes
 From GOD and heav'n, and angel's blessed work,
 The sickly flesh on shatter'd nerves impose.
 How long, O LORD ! how long ?

XXV. A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

HAPPY for man, that the slow circling moons,
 And long revolving seasons, measure out
 The tiresome pains of nature ! Presage woes
 Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful health
 With slow approach (so PROVIDENCE ordains)
 Revisit their forsaken mansion here,
 And days of useful life, diffuse their dawn,
 O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul,
 My vital powers resume their vigour now ;
 My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,
 Exults and glorifies o'er a thousand scenes,
 Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thought
 Grasp her ideas,—while impatient zeal
 Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice,
 Or mortal hand can render to my GOD
 The tribute due ?—What altars shall I raise ?
 What great inscription to proclaim His mercy
 In living lines ? Where shall I find a victim,

Meet to be offer'd to His sov'reign love,
And solemnize the worship and the joy?—

Search well my soul, thro' all the dark recesses
Of nature and self-love, the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flatt'ry hides our sins; search out the foes,
Of thy ALMIGHTY FRIEND; what lawless
passions!

What vain desires! what vicious turns of thought!
Lurk there unheeded; bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to His honor.

Well He deserves this worship at thy hands,
Who pardons thy past follies, Who restores
Thy mould'ring fabric, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.

ALMIGHTY POW'R! I love THEE,—
blissful NAME!

My healer GOD; and may my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever! O! its good
To wait submissive at THY holy throne,
To leave petitions at THY feet, and bear
THY frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heav'nly pity deaf
To mortal cries, IT notic'd all my groans,
And sighs, and long complaints, and woe delay,
Tho' painful to the sufferer, and THY hand,
In proper moments, brought dear'd relief.

Rise from my couch ye late enfeebled limbs,

MISCELLANIES.

Prove your new strength, and shew th' effective
Of the divine Physician; bear away [skill
This tottering body to His sacred threshold;
There, laden with His honors, let me bow
Before His feet, let me pronounce His grace,
Pronounce salvation, thro' His dying SON,
And teach this sinful world the SAVIOUR'S
Then rise my hymning soul in holy notes [name:
Tow'rd His high throne; awake my choicest songs,
Run echoing round the roof, and, while you pay
The solemn vows of my distressful hours,
A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

JESUS! great Advocate, Whose pitying eye
Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart,
And pow'ful intercession, spread'st my woes
With all my groans before the FATHER GOD,
Bear up my praises now; THY holy incense
Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
And bring these accents grateful to His ear:
My heart and life, my lips and ev'ry pow'r,
Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote
By THY bless'd hands, an offering to His name.

Amen, alleluia!

XXVI. DEVOTIONAL WRITINGS.

HAIL Hebrew Psalmist-king! hail happy hour!
I see, I hear, I feel, the sov'reign Pow'r

Of language so devout Th' immortal sound
 Thrills thro' my vitals with a pleasing wound,
 And mortal passions die Devotion reigns,—
 Earth disappears,—her mountains and her plains,
 I soar,—I pray,—I praise,—in David's heav'n-
 ly strains.

Here thoughts divine, in living words express,
 Pour'd out, and copy'd glowing from the breast,
 Spread o'er the sacred page what eye, what heart,
 Can read the rapture and not bear its part
 In holy elevation ?

Where love and joy exult, the glorious line
 Gives the same passions, spreads the fire divine,
 And kindles all the reader.—See him rise
 On wings of ecstasy, shoot through the skies,
 And mix with angels ! hail ye choirs above !
 Where all is holy joy, where all is heav'nly love.

If sins review'd, in trickling sorrows flow,
 The page conveys the penitential woe,
 And strikes the inmost spirit ; conscience hears
 The words of anguish, and dissolves in tears ;
 Ev'n iron souls relent, and hearts of stone
 Burst at these mournings and repeat the groan :
 GOD and His pow'r are there.

XXVII. AN ELEGY ON SOPHRONIA, WHO
DIED OF THE SMALL-POX 1711. SO-
PHRONIA IS INTRODUCED SPEAKING.

FORBEAR my friends! forbear, and ask no more
Where all my cheerful airs are fled:
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes;
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
With tumors of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horror spot the veil.

Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?—
Are these the features that were born to please,
And Beauty spread her ensigns there?

I was all love, and she was all delight.
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah flow'ry days when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.

Yet still Sophronia pleas'd, nor time nor care
Could take her youthful bloom away:

Virtue has charms which nothing can impair ;
Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth ;
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew,
And angels' food were her repast ;
Devotion was her work, and thence she drew
Delights, which strangers never taste.

Not the gay splendors of a flatt'ring court
Could tempt her to appear and shine :
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort ;
But I was blest, and she was mine.

Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung ;
Her smiles could all my pains controul ;
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all ;
Love grew with ev'ry waning moon :
Had Heav'n a length of years delay'd its call
Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

But peace my sorrows ! nor with murmur'ing voice
Dare to accuse Heav'n's high decree :
She was first ripe for everlasting joys ;
Sophron, she waits above for thee.

XXVIII. AN ELEGY ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH BURY, LATE WIFE OF THE REVEREND MR. SAMUEL BURY, OF BRISTOL, ANNEXED TO SOME MEMOIRS OF HER LIFE DRAWN UP BY HIM, BUT COLLECTED OUT OF HER OWN PAPERS.

SHE must ascend ; her treasure lies on high
 And there her heart is : bear her thro' the sky
 On wings of harmony, ye sons of light !
 And with surrounding shields protect her flight ;
 Teach her the wondrous songs yourselves compose
 For yon bright world, she'll learn them as she
 goes ;
 The sense was known before. Those sacred
 themes,
 The GOD, the SAVIOUR, and the flowing
 streams
 That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
 Purchas'd a heav'n, and wash'd a world from sin ;
 The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face
 Where the whole GODHEAD shines in mildest
 grace :
 These are the notes for which your harps are strung,
 These were the joy, and labor of her tongue
 In our dark regions ; these exalted strains
 Brought Paradise to earth, and sooth'd her pains,
 ' Souls, made of pious harmony and love,
 ' Can be no strangers to their work above.'

But must we lose her hence?—The Muse in
pain

Regrets her flight, and calls the saint again.
Stay gentle spirit ! stay. Can nature find
No charms to hold the once-unfetter'd mind ?
Must all those virtues, all those graces soar
Far from our sight and bless the earth no more ?
Must the fair saint to worlds immortal climb,
For ever lost to all the sons of Time ?
O no ! she is not lost ; behold her here ;
How just the form ! how soft the lines appear !
The features of her soul without disguise
Drawn by her own bless'd pen ; a sweet surprise
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece, and wash'd it o'er with tears,
Dress'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.

Daughters of Eve !—come, trace these heav'n-
ly lines,

Feel with what pow'r the bright example shines :
She was what you should be. Young virgins !
come,

Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb :
Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road ;
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
Matrons ! attend her hearth with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaste, yet free ; the cheerful, yet sedate :

Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,
 And rich in solid learning more than show,
 With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
 And all the human graces and divine,
 Reign'd in her breast, and held a pleasing strife }
 Thro' ev'ry shifting scene of various life, }
 The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Nor need a manly spirit blush, to gain
 Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.
 Attend her hints ye sages of the schools !
 And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
 Let her inform you to address the ear
 With conqu'ring 'suation, or reproof severe,
 And still without offence. Thrice happy soul !
 That could our passions and her own control ;
 Could wield and govern that unruly train,
 Sense, Fancy, Pleasure, Fear, Grief, Hope, and
 Pain,
 And live sublimely good ! Behold her move
 Thro' earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts
 above.

' Seraphs on earth, pant for their native skies,
 ' And nature feels it painful not to rise.

Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
 Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
 And learn to pray and do. Buriana knew,
 To make life happy, and resign it too.
 The soul that oft' had walk'd th' ethereal road
 Pleas'd with her summons, took her farewell flight
 to GOD.

But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colors paint
 Th' immortal passions of th' expiring saint.
 What beams of joy, angelic airs, arise
 O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle thro' her eyes
 In that dark hour! how all serene she lay
 Beneath the op'nings of celestial day!
 Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
 While the descending glory wrought within,
 Then in a secret calm resign'd her breath,
 And as her eyelids clos'd she smil'd in death.

O may some pious friend, who, weeping stands
 Near my last pillow, with uplifted hands,
 Or, wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
 Witness such triumphs in my soul, and trace
 The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
 While on my lifeless lips such heav'nly smiles
 are seen.

September 29, 1720.

XXIX An elegiac Ode on the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Knight, and Alderman of London, February 6, 1721-2, in the 83d year of his age, affixed to some Memoirs of his life, and inscribed to the Lady Abney.

A SOLILOQUY, OR MOURNING MEDITATION.

‘ *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus*
 ‘ *Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres*
 ‘ *Cantus Melpomene.*
 ‘ *Eugene Abneion perpetuus sopor*
 ‘ *Urget? Cui pudor et Justitiae soror*

' Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas
' Quando ullum invenient parem ? *Hor.*



PART I.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

ABNEY expires ; a gen'ral groan
Sounds thro' the house. How must a friend behave
Where death and grief have rais'd their throne,
And the sad chambers seem th' apartments of the
grave ?

Shall I appear amongst the chief
Of mourners, wailing o'er the dear deceas'd ?
Or must I seek to charm their grief,
And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd ?

I mourn by turns, and comfort too ;
He that can feel, can ease another's smart ;
The drops of sympathetic woe,
Convey the heav'nly cordial warmer to the heart.

We mourn a thousand joys deceas'd,
We name the husband with a mournful tongue ;
He, when the pow'rs of life decreas'd,
Felt the diviner flames of love for ever young.

Thrice happy man ! thrice happy pair !
If love could bid approaching death remove,
The painful name of widow, here
Had ever been unknown ; but death is deaf to love.

Albina* mourns, she mourns alone,
Her grief unrivall'd in a house of tears;
The partner of her soul is gone,
Who doubled all her joys, and half sustain'd her
cares.

See the fair offspring of the dead;
With their young griefs, Albina they enclose
Beside the father's dying bed,
And as her woes increase, their love and duty
grows.

The children feel the mother's pain;
Down their pale cheeks the trickling sorrows roll;
The mother sees, and weeps again,
With all the tender passions struggling in her soul.

The tender passions reign and spread
Thro' the whole house, and to the courts descend:
We mourn the best of brothers dead,
We mourn the kindest master, and the firmest
friend.

We mourn, but not as wretches do,
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy:
A falling tear is nature's due;
But hope climbs high, and borders on celestial joy.

There sits the late departed saint;†
There dwells the husband, father, brother, friend;

* The Lady Albina.
† Jackson of Lincoln's Inn, &c.
Mar. 20. 1700. ————

Then let us cease the sore complaint,
Or mingled with our groans, let notes of praise
ascend.

GREAT GOD! to THEE we raise our song;
THINE were the graces that enrich'd his mind;
We bless THEE that he shone so long,
And left so fair a track of pious life behind.

PART II.

HIS PUBLIC CHARACTER AND DEATH.

BUT can domestic sorrow shew
A nation's loss? can private tears suffice
To mourn the saint and ruler too?
Great names! so rarely join'd below the blissful
skies.

Could Abney in our world be born?
Could Abney live and not Britannia smile?
Or die, and not Britannia mourn,
When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle?

'Twas heav'nly wisdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the sword to hold:
His looks with sacred justice shone
Beyond the scarlet hose, or the wreathen gold.

Truth, freedom, courage, prudence, stood
Attending when he fill'd the solemn chair :
He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood,
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were
there.*

He sign'd their doom with steady hand,
Yet drops of pity from his eyelids roll ;
He † punish'd to reform the land,
With terror on his brow, and mercy in his soul.

His tongue was much unskill'd to chide ;
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet :
His soul disdain'd the airs of pride,
Yet love and reverence greet him thro' the crowd-
ed street.

Godlike he liv'd and acted here,
Moving unseen and still sublimely great ;
Yet when his country claim'd his care
Descending he appeared, and bore the pomp of
state.

* ——— Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et secunda
Temporibus, dubisque rectus,
Vindex avaræ fraudis et abstinentiæ
Ducentis ad æs cunctis pecunia.

——— Bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum præstitit utri, et
Rejecit alto domum præsepta
Vultu

† Qui gloriæ
Subscribit seculis, et præsepta
Restituitur. Non
Caudæ, et capiti solus, sed

MISCELLANIES.

He more than once oblig'd the throne,
And sav'd the nation; yet he shunn'd the fame,
Careless to make his merit known.
The Christian hath enough, that Heav'n records
his name.

His humble soul convers'd on high;
Heav'n was his hope, his rest, his native home:
His treasures lay above the sky;
Much he possess on earth, but more in worlds to
come.

With silent steps he trac'd the way
To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode;
Nor would he ask a moment's stay,
Nor make the convoy wait that call'd his soul to
GOD.

See the good man with head reclin'd,
And peaceful heart, resign his precious breath;
No guilty thoughts oppress his mind;
Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.

Laden with honors and with years,
His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray,
And while he ends his race, appears
Bright as the setting-sun of a long cloudless day.

Spent with the toil of busy hours
Nature retir'd and life sunk down to sleep:
Come, dress the bed with fragrant flow'rs,
Come angels! round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

The heart of ev'ry Briton rears
 A monument to Abney's spotless fame ;
 The pencil faints, the Muse despairs ;
 His country's grief and love must eternize his name.

*Sic secinit marens,
 Inter Marores domesticos,
 Et patriæ suæ luctus.*

XXX. DEATH AND HEAVEN,

IN FIVE LYRIC ODES.

ODE I. THE SPIRITS' FAREWELL TO THE BODY AFTER LONG SICKNESS.

How am I held a pris'ner now,
 Far from my GOD ! this mortal chain
 Binds me to sorrow . all below
 Is short-liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

When shall that wondrous hour appear,
 Which frees me from this dark abode,
 To live at large in regions, where
 Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my GOD ?

Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
 These snares and fetters of the mind ;
 My GOD ! nor let this frame arise
 Till ev'ry dust be well refin'd.

JESUS ! who mak'st our ~~natures~~ whole,
 Mould me a body like THY own,
 Then shall it better serve my soul
 In works of praise and worlds unknown.

ODE II. THE DEPARTING MOMENT, OR
 ABSENT FROM THE BODY.

ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !
 What unknown joys this moment brings !
 Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,
 From pains and tears, and all their springs.

Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !
 Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke !
 That rends the prison of my clay,
 And I can feel my fetters broke !

Absent from flesh ! then rise my soul !
 What feet or wings could never climb,
 Beyond the heav'ns, where planets roll,
 Measuring the cares and joys of time.

I go, where GOD and glory shine ;
 His presence makes eternal day :
 My all that's mortal I resign,
 For Uriel waits and points my way.

ODE III. ENTRANCE INTO PARADISE, OR
PRESENT WITH THE LORD.

AND is this heav'n? and am I there!
How short the road! how swift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
JESUS is here,—my soul's delight.

Is this the heav'nly FRIEND who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them,—who dy'd for ME?

How fair, thou Offspring of my GOD!
THOU first-born Image of His face!
THY death procur'd this blest abode,
THY vital beams adorn the place.

Lo! He presents me at the throne
All spotless, there, the GODHEAD reign
Sublime and peaceful thro' the SON:
Awake my voice in heav'nly strains.

ODE IV. THE SIGHT OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

CREATOR-GOD, eternal Light,
Fountain of good, tremendous Pow'r,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!
Beauty and love unknown before!

Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
 In yon' dark region whence I came ;
 Where languid glimpses from THY throne
 And feeble whispers teach THY name.

I'm in a world where all is new ;
 Myself, my GOD ; O blest amaze !
 Not my best hopes or wishes knew
 To form a shadow of this grace.

Fix'd on my GOD, my heart, adore ;
 My restless thoughts, forbear to rove :
 Ye meaner passions stir no more ;
 But all my pow'rs be joy and love.

ODE V. A FUNERAL ODE AT THE INTER-
 MENT OF THE BODY, SUPPOSED TO BE
 SUNG BY THE MOURNERS.

LET thy bosom faithful tomb ;
 Give this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
 Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
 And angels watch her soft repose.

So JESUS slept ; GOD's dying SON
 Past thro' the grave, and blest the bed :

Rest here, fair Saint; till from His throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend O earth ' His sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
She must ascend to meet her LORD.

XXXI. ON THE CORONATION OF THEIR
MAJESTIES KING GEORGE III. AND QUEEN
CAROLINE, OCTOBER 11, 1727.

' ERGO armis invicte heros age: fortibus apta
' Ensem humeris; meritam clementia temperet
' iram
' Dum regis, et leges molli clementer acerbas.
' Te super æquævos omnes regnator Olympi
' Diliget, et læto vultum exhilaravit olive;
' Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem,
' Transmittetque tuam longaeva in sæcula ~~Spem~~.
' En regina tori consors tibi dextera adheret, ~~et~~
' Auro picta sinus, auro radiata capillos;
' Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis et auro:
' At facies cultum illustrat, facieque decorat
' Pulchrior est animus.'

Duchan.

THE CORONATION DAY, AN ODE

RISE happy morn; fair sun arise;
 Shed radiant gold around the ~~skies~~,
 And rich in beams and blessings shine
 Profuse on George and Caroline.

Illustrious pair! no tear to day
 Bedew the royal parent's clay!
 'Tis George the blest, remounts the throne
 With double vigor in his son.

Lo! the majestic form appears
 Sparkling in life and manly years,
 The kingdom's pride, the nation's choice,
 And Heav'n approves Britannia's voice.

Monarch! assume thy pow'rs, and stand
 The guardian hero of our land;
 Let Albion's sons thy style proclaim,
 And distant realms revere thy name.

Bear on thy brows th' imperial crown;
 Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
 A thousand gems of lustre shed
 Their lights and honors round thy head.

Lift up the rod of majesty *
 The foes of GOD and man shall flee;
 Vice with her execrable band
 Shakes at the sword in George's hand.

The sceptre.

Law, Justice, Valor, Mercy, ride
 In arms of triumph at his side ;
 And each celestial grace is seen
 In milder glories round the Queen.

Hail, royal fair ! divinely wise !
 Not Austrian crowns * could tempt thy eyes
 To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain,
 When Cæsar sigh'd and lov'd in vain.

But Heav'n provides a rich reward ;
 George is thy lover and thy lord :
 The British Lion bears thy fame,
 Where Austrian Eagles have no name.

See the fair train of princes near :
 Come, Frederick, royal youth, appear
 And grace the day. Shall foreign † charms
 Sull hold thee from thy country's arms ?

Britain, thy country ? Prince, arise,
 The morning-star to gild our skies ;
 (O may no cloud thy lustre stain ;)
 Come, lead along the shining train.

Each in parental virtues dress'd,
 Each born to make a nation bless'd,
 What kings, what heroes, yet ungrown
 Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne !

* Architectural and imperial.

† That ingenious device, of the figures of Great Britain and the Protestant religion, attending her Majesty, on her coronation medal,—with the motto *Mis amor, hinc patria*, may support and justify these expressions.

Mark that young branch * of rising fame,
Proud of our great Deliverer's name ;
He promises in infant-bloom,
To scourge some tyrant-pow'r of Rome.

Bloom on, fair stem ! each flow'r that blows
Adds new despair to Albion's foes,
And kills their hearts : O glorious view
Of joys for Albion, ever new !

Religion, Duty, Truth, and Love,
In ranks of honors, shine and move ;
Pale Envy, Slander, Fraud, and Spite,
Retire and hide in caves of night.

Europe ! behold th' amazing scene ;
Empire and Liberty convene
To join their joys, and wishes here,
While Rome and hell consent to fear.

Eternal God ! whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey,
Command THY choicest favors down
Where THY own hands have fix'd the crown.

Come, light divine, and grace unknown !
Come, aid the labors of the throne ;
Let Britain's Golden Ages run
In circles, lasting as the sun.

Bid some bright legion from the sky
 Assist the glad solemnity:
 Ye hosts that wait on fav'rite kings,
 Wave your broad swords, and clap your wings;
 Then rise, and to your realms convey
 The glorious tidings of the day:
 Great William shall rejoice to know
 That George the second reigns below.

XXXII. A LOYAL WISH ON HER MAJESTY'S
 BIRTH-DAY, *March 1*, COMMONLY CALLED
 ST. DAVID'S DAY.

BORROWED FROM PSAL. CXXXII. 10. 11.

SILENCE, ye nations; Israel hear!
 Thus hath the LORD to David sworn,
 'Train up thy sons to learn my fear,
 'And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn:
 'Theirs be the royal honors thou hast won,
 'Long as the starry wheels of nature run;
 'Nature' be thou my pledge; my witness be the
 'sun.'

Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,
 May George the royal saint assume!
 Then ask permission of the skies
 To put the fav'rite name in David's room.

Fair Carolina! join thy pious cares
 To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
 And be the British crown with endless honor theirs.

XXXIII. FIETY IN A COURT. TO PHILO-
 MELA.

'THE court's a golden, but a fatal, circle,
 ' Upon whose magic skirts, a thousand devils
 ' In crystal forms sit, tempting innocence,
 ' And beckon early-virtue, from its centre.'

THIS DESCRIPTION OF A COURT GAVE OC-
 CASION TO THE FOLLOWING INQUIRIES.

Is there a lovely soul, so much divine,
 Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
 On this enchanted spot of treach'rous ground,
 Nor give her virtue nor her frame a wound?

Is there a soul, so temper'd, so refin'd,
 That pomp nor feeds her sense, nor fires the mind,
 That soars above the globe with high disdain,
 While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain?

Is there a soul, can fix her raptur'd eyes,
 And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies,
 Thro' roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn
 Love's wanton fires, and die beneath her scorn?

Is there a soul in court, that seeks the grove
 Or lonely hall, to muse on heav'nly love,

And when to crowds and state her hour descends,
She keeps, her conscience and her GOD her friends?

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
Wing'd with devotion through meridian night,
Near heav'n's high portal?—Angels! speak her
name,

Consign Eusebia to celestial fame,
While Philomel, in language like your own,
To mortal ears, makes her young vict'ries known;
Let Raphael, to the skies her honors sing,
And triumphs daily new; with friendly wing
Gabriel in arms, attend her through the field
Of sacred war, and Mercy be her shield,
While, with unsully'd charms, she makes her way
Through scenes of dang'rous life, to realms of end-
less day.

XXXIV. A RURAL MEDITATION.

HERE in the tuneful groves, and flow'ry fields,
Nature, a thousand various beauties yields;
The daisy and tall cowslip we behold
Array'd in snowy white, or frockled gold.
The verdant prospect, cherishes our sight,
Affording joy unmix'd, and calm delight;
The forest walks and venerable shade,
Wade-spreading lawns, bright rills, and silent glade,
With a religious awe our souls inspire,
And to the heav'n's, our raptur'd thoughts:

To Him who sits in majesty on high,
 WHO turn'd the starry arches of the sky,
 WHOSE word ordain'd the silver Thames to flow,
 Rais'd all the hills, and laid the vallies low ;
 WHO taught the nightingale in shades to sing,
 And bid the sky-lark warble on the wing ;
 Makes the young steer, obedient, till the land,
 And lowing heifers own the milker's hand ;
 Calms the rough sea, and stills the raging wind,
 And rules the passions of the human mind.

XXXV. A PENITENTIAL THOUGHT.

CAN I then grieve for ev'ry wretch's woe,
 And weep if I but hear a tale of sorrow ?
 Say, can I share in ev'ry one's affliction,
 Yet, still remain thus stupid to my own ?
 Is then my heart, to all the world beside,
 Softer than melting wax, or summer snow ;
 But to myself, harder than adamant ?—
 Can I behold the ruin sin has made,
 And feel GOD's image in my soul defac'd,
 Nor heave a sigh, nor drop a pitying tear,
 At my sad fate, nor lift my eyes to Heav'n
 For aid, against the flatteries of the world,
 The wiles of Satan, and the joys of sense ?—
 Give me, ye springs ! O give me all your streams
 That I may weep ; not thus with stupid gaze
 Behold my ruin, like a wretch enchanted,

Whose faculties are bound with pow'ful charms,—
 To some accursed spot of earth confin'd.
 Give me, ye gentle winds, your balmy breath
 To heave my bosom with continu'd sighs;—
 Teach me, ye wood-doves, your complaining note,
 To mourn my fall, to mourn my rocky heart,
 My headstrong will, and ev'ry sinful thought.
 In silent shades retir'd I long to dwell,
 Far from the tumults of the busy world,
 And all the sounds of mirth and clam'rous joy,
 Till ev'ry stormy passion is subdu'd,
 And GOD has full possession of my soul;
 'Till all my wishes centre in His will,
 And I no more am fetter'd to the world;
 Till all the bus'ness of my life is praise,
 And my full heart o'erflows with heav'nly love,
 While all created beauties lose their charms,
 And GOD is ALL in ALL.

XXXVI. A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

TO THEE, all-glorious, ever-blessed POW'ER,
 I consecrate this silent midnight hour.
 While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,
 And all things wrapp'd in gentle slumbers lie,
 Unweary'd let me praise THY holy name,
 And ev'ry thought, with gratitude inflame,
 For the rich mercies which THY hands impart,
 Health to my soul, and comfort to my heart,—

O may my pray'rs before THY throne ariss,
An humble, but accepted sacrifice !
And when THOU shalt my weary eyelids close,
And to my body grant a soft repose,
May my ethereal Guardian kindly spread
His wings, and from the tempter screen my head !
Grant, of celestial light, some piercing beams
To bless my sleep, and sanctify my dreams.

XXXVII. THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

WHEN faint, and sinking to the shades of death
I gasp with pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
O ! may my soul, by some blest foretaste, know
That she's deliver'd from eternal woe !
May hope in CHRIST dispel each gloomy fear,
And thoughts like these my drooping spirits cheer !
What though my sins are of a crimson stain ?
My SAVIOUR's blood, can wash me white again ;
Though num'rous as the twinkling stars they be,
Or sands along the margin of the sea,
Or as smooth pebbles on some beachy shore,
The mercies of th' ALMIGHTY still are more ;
He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,
Sees all my fears, and listens to my cries !
He knows the frailty of each human breast,
What passions our ungarded hearts molest,
And for the sake of His dear dying SON
Will pardon all the ills that I have done,

Arm'd with so bright a hope, I shall not fear
 To see my death, hourly approach more near,—
 By my faith strength'ning, as my life decays,
 My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

SEVERAL EPIGRAMS, INSCRIPTIONS, AND
 FRAGMENTS OF POESY.

XXXVIII. THE PREFACE OF A LETTER
 WRITTEN AUGUST 1692.

E'er since the morning of that day
 Which bid my dearest friends adieu,
 And rolling wheels bore me away
 Far from my native town and you,
 E'er since I lost, through distant place,
 The pleasures of a parent's face,—
 This is the first, whose language sues
 For your release, from waxen bands,—
 Laden with humble love, it bows
 To kiss a welcome from your hands;
 Accept the duty which it brings,
 And pardon its delaying wings.

XXXIX. THE SUN IN ECLIPSE.
 TO HORATIO.

Now, now 'tis just at hand—
 Now the bright sun leaves his meridian stage,

Rolls down the hill and meets his sister's rage ;
 Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,
 And join fierce combat with her brother sun.

The gentle monarch of the azure plain,
 Still paints, and silvers, her rebellious wain,
 And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires
 in vain.

Th' ungrateful planet, does as fast requite
 Th' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light,
 With an impetuous deluge of her resistless night.

His flaming coursers toss their raging heads,
 And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades ;
 Their eyeballs flash, their brazen bellows puff
 And belch ethereal fire, to guard the darkness off ;
 In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
 Night spreads her banners o'er the wond'ring skies.

Say, peaceful Muse ! what fury did excite
 The kindred stars to this prodigious fight ?
 Are these the rules of Nature ? Will the skies
 Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise ?—
 What dire events hang threat'ning o'er the earth ?
 What plagues, what wars, just bursting into birth ?
 Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,
 Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears ;
 Shepherds see death, spread o'er the fleecy downs,
 Monarchs grow pale and tremble for their crowns ;
 Vain dreams of mortal weakness !

Awake, Philosophy, with radiant eye,
 Who searcheth all that's deep, and all that's high ;

STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND. 177

Awake, survey the spheres, explain the laws
On Heav'n, and bring to light th' eternal cause
Of present darkness, &c.

Southampton, June 1695.

XL. IN A LETTER TO MARINDA, SPEAKING
CONCERNING OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

LET your immortal thoughts arise,
Survey Him crown'd with ev'ry grace,
JESUS! the wonder of the skies,
The great, the meek, the lovely and the wise,
The joy and glory of the place.
Here angels fix their gazing sight,
Here saints, releas'd from earth and sin
Dwell on his face, divinely bright,
Copy his beauties with intense delight,
And with advancing lustre shine.

XLI. STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND AT
TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, 1712.

FAIR nymph! ascend to Beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone,
Let fav'rites take thy lower sphere,
Not monarchs are thy rival here.

The court of Beauty, built sublime,
Defies all pow'rs but thine and Time ;
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
Aims but in vain, her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field nor Ister's flood,
Nor standards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's house, than Spenser's face ;

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms ;
His lightning strikes, with less surprise,
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron ; she enslaves the mind :
We follow with a pleasing pain,
And bless the conqu'ror and the chain.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her presence in despair,
And owns th' immutable fair.

XLII. THE INSCRIPTIONS ON SEVERAL
FRENCH PICTURES, TRANSLATED.

ANGELICA SINGING.

WHAT ! music and devotion too ?
This is the business angels do :
When hearts, and hymns, and voices join
It smokes the pleasant work divine.

CHLORIS STRINGING OF PEARLS.

VIRTUE and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck.

PHYLLIS PLAYING WITH A PARROT.

IF women will not be inclin'd
To seek th' improvements of the mind,
Believe me, Phyllis, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

CLAUDINA THE COOK-MAID.

THE cook, who in her humble post
Provides the family with food,
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms, and lovers, birth and blood.

FLORELLA SINGING TO HER HARP.

FLORELLA sings and plays so well,
Which she doth best, is hard to tell;
But 'tis a poor account to say,
All she can do, is, sing and play.

AMARYLLIS SPINNING.

O WHAT a pretty spinner's here !
 How sweet her looks, how neat her linen !
 If Love and Youth came both to see her,
 Youth wou'd at once, set Love a-spinning.

DORINDA SEWING.

WE stand exposed to ev'ry sin
 While idle, and without employ,
 But bus'ness holds our passions in,
 And keeps out all unlawful joy.

IRIS SUCKLING THREE LAP-DOGS.

FOND foolish woman ! while you nurse
 Those puppies at your breast,
 Your name and credit, fares the worse
 For ev'ry drop they taste.
 Iris ! for shame those brutes remove,
 And better learn to place your love.

PONDRA THE MARKET-MAID.

VIRTUE adorns her soul within,
 Her homely garb is ever clean ;
 Such innocence disdaining art
 Gives love an honorable dart.

XLIII. INSCRIPTIONS ON DIALS.

WRITTEN ON A SUN-DIAL IN A CIRCLE.

‘Sic petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,
 ‘Dum sensim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ;
 ‘Secula sic fugient, sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum
 ‘Donec stelligerum clausurit una dies.’

AFTERWARDS TURNED INTO ENGLISH.

Thus steal the silent hours away,
 The sun thus hastes to reach the sea,
 And men to mingle with their clay;
 Thus light and shade divide the year,
 Thus till the last great day appear,
 And shut the starry theatre.

ANOTHER.

So slide the hours, so wears the day,
 These moments measure life away,
 With all its trains of hope and fear,
 Till shifting scenes of shade and light
 Rise to eternal day, or sink in endless night,
 Where all is joy or all despair.

ON A CEILING DIAL, USUALLY CALLED A
SPOT-DIAL, MADE AT A WESTERN WIN-
DOW AT THEOBALDS.

LITTLE sun upon the ceiling;
Ever moving, ever stealing
Moments, minutes, hours, away,
May no shade forbid thy shining,
While the heav'nly sun declining
Calls us to improve the day.

ANOTHER FOR A SPOT-DIAL,

SHINING spot, but ever sliding,
Brightest hours have no abiding;
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hasting,
Death consigns to heav'n or hell.

ANOTHER.

SEEK the little day-star moving;
Life and time are worth improving;
Seize the moments while they stay,
Seize and use them
Lest you lose them
And lament the wasted day.

OTHER MOTTOES ON DIAPHS.

- ‘ **F**ESTINAT suprema.
 ‘ Proxima non nostra est.
 ‘ Vehimur properantibus horis
 ‘ Ad cœlum aut erebum,
 ‘ Sic imus ad atria lucis
 ‘ Aut umbras crebræ.’
-

XLIV. INSCRIPTIONS ON PORTRAITS.

THE LINES UNDER DR. OWEN'S PICTURE,
 WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

- ‘ **U**MBRA refert fragiles dederunt quas cura do-
 ‘ lorque
 ‘ Reliquias, studis assiduusque labor.
 ‘ Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri
 ‘ Vos supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt.’
-

ENGLISHED THUS.

BEHOLD the shade, the frail remains
 Of sickness, cares, and studious pains.
 The mind in humble posture waits
 At sacred Truth's celestial gates,
 And keeps those bounds with holy fear,
 While he who gave it sees it there.

XLV. VARIOUS MOTTOS FOR AN EFFIGY.

I.

- ‘ **D**o tibi terra quod umbra refert: satis exhibet
 ‘ umbra
 ‘ Quod modo pulvis erat, quod citò pulvis erit,
 ‘ Mens donata deo cupit immortalia, cœlum
 ‘ Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris.
 ‘ Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: amor adjicit alas:
 ‘ Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum.
 ‘ Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:
 ‘ Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia CHRISTUS erit.’

II.

- ‘ **IN CHRISTO** mea vita latet: mea gloria
CHRISTUS:
 ‘ Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago
 ‘ In uno JESU omnia. [tacebit.]

III.

Τὰ ἄνω ζητοῦμεν,
 Seeking the things above.
 Ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ.
 And speaking truth and love.

IV.

- ‘ **EST** mihi **CHRISTUS** vivere, et lucrum
 meum.

V.

Χρῆμα ἵνα τιζῇ, Κίβδος ἵνα τὸ Σωθῇ.

VI.

' Sic levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus
JESUM Sequitur, non assequitur.

XLVI. EPIGRAMS.

I. IN MIRUM MARIS MERIDIONALIS THE-
SAURI INCREMENTUM, ANNO 1720.

' **E**ΛORTA è medio jam foritèr aura popello
' Spirat in Australes fructus : Argentea spuma
' Tollitur in montes ; (mirandum) atque aurea regna
' Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremit undique turba
' Mercantium, in cœlum aspirans : Summa aquora
' nautæ
' Certam scandunt, et se mînentur in æstris :
' Quisque ubi diadema facit, nam pluribus extas
' Crœsus. At infdos, O qui sapis, effuge fluctus,
' Nec umidge, credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ.
' Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla profundum,
' Rex brevis. Heu ! simulac subsiderit aura popelli.
' Unda jacet ; montes pæstus ; evanida regna ;
' Nil suberit spumæ nisi fortè marina * vorago.

II. ON THE WONDEROUS RISE OF THE
SOUTH-SEA STOCK, 1720.

' **T**IS said the citizens have sold
Faith, truth, and trade, for South-sea gold ;

* Alii legendum vellet mortuorum.

'Tis false ; for those that know, can swear
 ' All is not gold, that glisters there.'

III. INSCRIBENDUM MARIS MERIDIONALIS
 GAZOPHYLACIO, SIVE OFFICINÆ.

' **Q**UISQUIS es, hic intra, cui crescere nummu-
 ' lus ardet,
 ' Cuive crumena gravis nimis est : hic gaza paratur
 ' Ampla magis, sed onusta minus ; centena talenta
 ' Australi videas citò ter triplicata, sub undâ ;
 ' Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis,
 ' Hic bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,
 ' Nix æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somniâ, venti.
 ' Prædia in Utopitis regionibus, aurea spuma,
 ' Aerisq; arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.
 ' Vel si brevior inscriptio magis aridet.
 — " Non omne quod hic micat aurum est."
April 6, 1720.

IV. SABINA AND HER COMPANIONS TRA-
 VELLING TOGETHER TO SEE FINE
 BUILDINGS AND GARDENS.

WHILE round the gardens and the groves
 Your foot, your eye, your fancy roves,
 Wish still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit,

Let ev'ry tree yield knowledge too,
Safer than that in Eden grew,
Where your own mother Eve, found poison in
the fruit.

V. THE SAME.

GO, view the dwellings of the great,
The spacious court, the tow'ring seat,
The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the
gold;
Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled age delay,
Or warm the cheek and paint it gay,
When Death spreads o'er the face, her frightful,
pale, and cold?

VI. THE SAME.

IN vain to search the verdant scenes,
The shaded walks, the flow'ry greens,
The trees of golden fruit, for what can ne'er be
found:
You search for bliss, where 'twill not grow;
There is no Paradise below,
Since life's immortal tree is perish'd from the
ground.

VII. RATIO, FIDES, CHARITAS.

‘ **R**ECTA fidem ratio juvat : ~~alma fides~~ rationem
 ‘ Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant.’

IDEM.

ET ratio fidei est, et amica fides rationi :
 At nihil ambo valent si mihi deest amor.’

XLVII. EPITAPHS.

1. An inscription on a monumental stone in Cheshunt church in Hertfordshire, in memory of Thomas Pickard, Esq. citizen of London, who died suddenly, Jan 29, A D. 1719. *Æt.* 50.

A SOUL prepar'd, needs no delays,
 The summons come, the saint obeys :
 Swift was his flight, and short the road,
 He clos'd his eyes, and saw his GOD :
 The flesh rests here till JESUS come
 And claims the treasure from the tomb.

II. On the grave-stone of Mr. John May, a young student in divinity, who died after a lingering and painful sickness, and was buried in Cheshunt church-yard in Hertfordshire.

So sleep the saints and cease to groan,
When sin and death have done their worst :
CHRIST hath a glory like His own,
Which waits to clothe their waking dust.

III. WRITTEN FOR A GRAVE-STONE OF A
NEAR RELATION.

IN faith she dy'd, in dust she lies,
But faith foresees that dust shall rise
When JESUS calls, while hope assumes
And boasts her joy among the tombs.

OR THUS.

BENEATH this stone Death's pris'ner lies ;
The stone shall move, the pris'ner rise,
When JESUS, with almighty word
Calls his dead saints, to meet their LORD.

IV. To the pious memory of the Reverend Mr.
Samuel Harvey of London, who died April 17,
1729. Æt. 30.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lie the ruins of a lowly tent,
Where the seraphic soul of Harvey spent

Its mortal years. How did his genius shine
 Like Heaven's bright envoy, clad in Pow'r's divine !
 When from his lips the grace or vengeance broke,
 'Twas majesty in arms,—'twas melting mercy spoke.
 What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast !—
 Too small the mansion for th' illustrious guest.
 Zeal, like a flame, shot from the realms of day,
 Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,—
 And bears the saint up through the starry road
 Triumphant ; so Elijah went to GOD.
 What happy Prophet shall his mantle find,
 Heir to the double portion of his mind ?

*hic musâ jam veterascenti
 Inter justissimos amicorum et ecclesiar
 Fictus Harvey suo parentat.*

V. AN EPITAPH ON THE REVEREND MR.
 MATTHEW CLARKE.

M. S.

‘ *In hoc sepulchro conditur*
 ‘ *MATTHÆUS CLARKE,*
 ‘ *Patris venerandi filius cognominis,*
 ‘ *nec ipse minus venerandus ;*
 ‘ *Litens sacris et humanis*
 ‘ *à primâ ætate innutritus :*
 ‘ *Linguarum scientissimus :*
 ‘ *In munere concionatorio*
 ‘ *eximius, operosus et felix :*

- ‘ In officio pastorali
- ‘ fidelis et vigilans :
- ‘ Inter theologorum dissidia.
- ‘ moderatus et pacificus :
- ‘ Ad omnia pietatis munia
- ‘ Promptus semper et alacris :
- ‘ Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
- ‘ inter præstantissimos :
- ‘ Erga omnes hominum ordines
- ‘ egregiè benevolus.
- ‘ Quas verò innumeras invicta modestia dotes
- ‘ Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi
- ‘ Est tumulo concessa : sed olim marmore rupto
- ‘ Ostendet ventura dies ; præconia cœli
- ‘ Narrabunt ; iudex agnoscet, et omnia plaudent.
- ‘ Abi, viator, ubicunq. terrarum fueris,
- ‘ hæc audies.
- ‘ Natus est in agro Leicestrensi, A. D. 1664.
- ‘ Obiit Londini, 27 die Martii 1726.
- ‘ Ætat. suæ 62.
- ‘ Multum dilectus, multum desideratus.

IN ENGLISH THUS.

SACRED to memory,
 In this sepulchre lies bury'd
 MATTHEW CLARKE,
 A son bearing the name
 of his venerable father,

nor less venerable himself :
 Train'd up from his youngest years
 in sacred and human learning :
 Very skilful in the languages :
 In the gift of preaching
 excellent, laborious, and successful :
 In the pastoral office
 faithful and vigilant :
 Among the controversies of divines
 moderate always, and pacific :
 Ever ready for all the duties of piety :
 Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
 he had few equals :
 And his carriage towards all mankind was
 eminently benevolent.

But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind
 The veil of modesty, no human mind
 Can search, no friend declare, nor fame reveal,
 Nor has this mournful marble pow'r to tell ;
 Yet there's a hast'ning hour ; it comes, it comes,
 To rouse the sleeping dead, to burst the tombs,
 And set the saint in view All eyes behold,
 While the vast records of the skies unroll'd
 Rehearse his works, and spread his worth abroad ;
 The Judge approves, and heav'n and earth applaud.
 Go, traveller ; and wheresoe'er
 Thy wand'ring foot shall rest
 In distant lands, thy ear shall hear
 His name pronounc'd and bless.

He was born in Leicestershire in the year 1664.

He died at London March 27, 1726,

Aged sixty-two years,

Much beloved and much lamented.

VI. AN EPITAPH ON THE REVEREND MR.
BRODHURST.

- ‘ HOC marmore commemoratur
 ‘ Vir in sacris supra socios peritus,
 ‘ Nec in literis humanis minùs sciens :
 ‘ Rebus divinis à primâ ætate deditus,
 ‘ Veritatis liberè studiosus,
 ‘ Fidei Christianæ strenuus assertor,
 ‘ Et pietate nulli secundus.
 ‘ Concionatur eximus,
 ‘ Ratione, suadellâ eloquio potens :
 ‘ Pastor erga gregem sibi commissum
 ‘ Vigil, et sollicitus penè supra modum ;
 ‘ Moribus facilis, vitâ beneficus,
 ‘ Omnigenæ charitatis exemplar :
 ‘ Mille virtutibus instructus
 ‘ Quas sacra celavit modestia ;
 ‘ Sed non usque celabuntur :
 ‘ I lector, et expecta diem
 ‘ Quâ cælo terrisque simul innotescet
 ‘ Qualis et quantus fuit
 ‘ EDVARDUS BRODHURST.
 ‘ Agro Derbicensi natus est, A. D. 1691.

Birmingham defunctus Julii die 21, 1730.

Animam ad superos avolantem

Ecclesia militans luget,

Triumphans ~~plaudit,~~

Suscipit CHRISTUS, agnoscit DEUS.

“Euge, fidelis serve.”

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY ANOTHER HAND.

THIS marble calls to our remembrance
 A person of superior skill in divinity,
 Nor ~~less~~ acquainted with human literature;
 Inclined from his infancy to things sacred,
 An impartial inquirer after truth,
 An able defender of the Christian faith,
 A truly pious and devout man:
 A preacher that excelled
 In force of reason and art of persuasion:
 A pastor, vigilant beyond his strength
 Over the flock committed to his charge:
 Of courteous behavior and beneficent life:
 A pattern of charity in all its branches:
 A man adorn'd with many virtues,
 Conceal'd under a veil of modesty;
 But shall not for ever be conceal'd.
 Go, reader, expect the day
 When heav'n and earth at once shall know
 How deserving a person
 MR. EDWARD BRODNURST WAS.

He was born in Derbyshire 1691.
 Died at Birmingham July 21, 1730.
 His soul ascending to the *blest* above,
 The church on earth bemoans,
 The church triumphant congratulates,
 Is received by CHRIST, approv'd of GOD,
 "Well done good and faithful servant."

VII. The following epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton
 was composed by my worthy friend Mr. John
 Eames, with a few decorations added at his re-
 quest.

‘ HIC sepultus est
 ‘ ISAICUS NEWTONUS,
 ‘ Eques astratus,
 ‘ Moribus verè antiquis, sanctissimis ;
 ‘ Qui nec inter atheos DEI cultum,
 ‘ Nec inter philosophos CHRISTI fidem
 ‘ Erubuit.
 ‘ Ingenio supra hominum sortem sagaci,
 ‘ Matheam immense quantum adauxit ditavitque ;
 ‘ Quà juvante
 ‘ Nature, quaquà patet, motus et vires
 ‘ Cœlo, terrâ, mariq. examinus dimensus est :
 ‘ Perplexos vagantis lune circuitus
 ‘ Strictis cancellis solus coercuit :
 ‘ Oceani fluctus refluq. leges æthereos
 ‘ Terricolis notis fecit ;

- ' Temporisq. metas
- ' A multis retrò seculis vagas et erroneas
- ' Certis astrorum periodis alligavit, fixoque :
- ' Quales in semitas
- ' Vt gravitatis flectantur cometæ,
- ' Advenæ, profugi, reducesve, monstravit.
- ' Pallidamque corum jubar
- ' Beneficum potius quam ferale,
- ' Planeticolis exhibuit optandum.
- ' Lucis simplicis ortum multiformem,
- ' Variegatæ simplicem,
- ' Colorum ec. miram theoriam
- ' Primus et penitus exploravit.
- ' Fidis experimentis, non fictis hypothesis, innixus
- ' Scietur humane limites,
- ' Ultrà quam fas erat mortalibus sperare,
- ' Proprio Marte promovit,
- ' Posterisque ulterius promovendos
- ' Nostrum super æthera scandens
- ' Monuit et indigavit.
- ' Vale, celestis anima,
- Seculi gentisque tua lumen ingens
- ' Ac ingens desiderium,
- ' Generis humani decus, vale.'

XLVIII. A DYING WORLD AND A DURABLE
HEAVEN.

All born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes all its scenes ;

Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing,
 But Heav'n defies its pow'r ; there angels sing,—
 Immortal. To that world direct thy sight
 My soul, ethereal born, and thither aim thy flight
 There, virtue finds reward ; eternal joy
 Unknown on earth, shall the full soul employ.
 This glebe of death we tread, these shining skies,
 Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes.
 The sun still travels his illustrious round
 While ages, bury ages, under ground ;
 While heroes sink, forgotten in their urns,
 Still Phosphor glitters and still Sirius * burns.
 Light reigns through worlds above, and life with
 all her springs,
 Yet man lies grov'ling on the earth,
 The soul forgets its heav'nly birth,
 Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries
 her wings.

When death and everlasting things
 Approach and strike the sight,
 The soul unfolds itself, and brings
 Its hidden thoughts to light.

The silent Christian speaks for GOD,
 With courage owns His name,
 And spreads the SAVIOUR's grace abroad ;
 The soul subdues the shame.

* The morning-star and the dog-star.

LORD! shall my soul again conceal
 Her faith, if ~~death~~ retire?
 Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,
 And quench th' ethereal fire?

O may my thoughts for ever keep
 The grave and heav'n in view,
 Lest if my zeal and courage sleep,
 My lips grow silent too!

XLIX. THE REWARDS OF POESY.

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

MUSE, 'tis enough, that in the fairy bow'rs,
 My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours
 Attending thy vagaries, in pursuit
 Of painted blossoms, or enchanted fruit.
 Forbear to tease my riper age; 'tis hard
 To be a slave so long, and find so small reward.

THAL. Man, 'tis enough that in the books of
 fame,
 On brazen leaves the Muse shall write thy name
 Illustrious as her own, and make thy years the
 same:
 Fame, with her silver trumpet, shall spread the
 sound
 Of Damon's verse, wide as the distant bound
 Of British empire, or the world's vast round,

I see, I see from far the falling oars
 And flying sails, that bear to western shores
 Thy shining name ; it shoots from sea to sea ;
 Envy pursues, but faints, amidst the way.
 In vision, my prophetic tube describes
 Behind five hundred years new ages rise
 Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes ;
 Cities unbuilt shall bless the lyric bard ;
 O glorious mem'ry ! O immense reward !

}

DAM. Ah flatt'ring Muse ! how fruitless and
 how fair

These visionary scenes, and sounding air ?
 Fruitless and vain to me ! Can noisy breath,
 Or Fame's loud trumpet, reach the courts of Death ?
 I shall be stretch'd upon my earthy bed,
 Unthinking dust, nor know the honors paid
 To my surviving song. Thalia, say,
 Have I no more to hope, hast thou no more to
 pay ?

THAL. Say, what had Horace what had Ho-
 mer more,

My fav'rite sons, whom men almost adore ;
 And youth, in learned ranks, for ever ang'd,
 While perush'd heroes and forgotten kings
 Have lost their names ? 'tis sov'reign wit has bought
 This deathless glory : this the wise have thought
 Prodigious recompense—————

DAM.—————Prodigious fools !
 To think the hum and buzz of paltry schools,

And awkward tones of boys, are prizes meet
 For Roman harmony, and Grecian wit !
 Rise from thy long repose old Homer's ghost !
 Horace, arise ! are these the palms ~~you~~ boast
 For your victorious verse ? Great poets, tell,
 Can echoes of a name reward you well
 For labors so sublime ? or have you found,
 Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground ?

THAL. Yes, their sweet slumbers guarded by
 my wing,
 Are lull'd, and soften'd, by th' eternal spring
 Of bubbling praises from th' Aonian hill,
 Whose branching streams divide a silver rill
 To ev'ry kindred urn, and thine shall share
 These purling blessings, under hallow'd air ;
 The poets' dreams in death are still the Muses' }
 care.

DAM. Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless
 youth,
 Once, and by chance, thy tropes have hit the truth ;
 Praise is but empty air, a purling stream ;
 Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.
 Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead,
 No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade ?

THAL. Believe me, mortal ! where thy relics
 My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep, { sleep,
 And cheer thy silent tomb,—the glow-worm, shine,
 With ev'ning lamp, to mark which earth is thine ;
 While midnight Fairies tripping round thy bed
 Collect a moonbeam glory for thy head ;

URAN. Rash man! restrain thy wrath, these
odes are mine,
Small is thy right in gift so much divine.

Was it thy skill, that to a SAVIOUR's name }
 Strung David's harp, and drew th' illustrious }
 theme
 From smoking altars, and a bleeding Lamb ? }
 Who form'd thy sounding shell ?—who fix'd the
 strings,
 Or taught thy hand to play eternal things ?
 Was't not my aid that rais'd thy notes so high ?
 And they must live till time and nature die.
 Here heav'n and virtue reign ; here joy and love }
 Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove, }
 And train up mortals for the thrones above ;
 Sinners shall start, and, struck with dread divine,
 Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line,—
 Shall melt in truckling woes for follies past,
 Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste
 The sweets of pious hope : EMANUEL's blood
 Flows in the verse and seals the pardon good :
 SALVATION triumphs here, and heals the smart
 Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart.
 Youth shall learn temp'rance from these hallow'd
 strains,
 Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains,—
 And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,
 Nor Virtue needs her guard of blushes here :
 Matrons grown rev'rend in their silver hairs,
 Sooth the sad mem'ry of their ancient cares
 With these soft hymns ; while on their trembling
 knee,
 See their young offspring of the fourth degree,

With list'ning wonder, till their infant-tongue
 Stammers and lisps, and learns th' immortal song,
 And lays up the fair lesson, to repeat
 To the fourth distant age, when sitting round their
 feet.

Each heav'n-born heart, shall chuse a fav'rite ode
 To bear their morning homage to their GOD,
 And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes
 Inspire the pillow with ethereal dreams,—
 And oft amidst the burdens of the day
 Some devout couplet wings the soul away,
 Forgetful of this globe. Adieu the cares
 Of mortal life ! adieu the sins, the snares !
 She talks with angels, and walks o'er the stars.
 Amidst th' exalted raptures of the lyre,
 O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire,
 And mix their notes at once with some celestial
 choir.

DAM. What holy sounds are these, what strains
 Is it thy voice, O blest Urania ! thine ? [divine ?
 Enough, I claim no more : my toils are paid,
 My midnight lamp and my o'erlabor'd head,
 My early sighs for thy propitious pow'r,
 And my wing'd zeal to seize the lyric hour :
 Thy words reward them all ; and when I die
 May the great RULER of the rolling sky
 Give thy predictions birth, with blessings from
 His eye.

I lay my flesh to rest with heart resign'd
 And smiling hope. Arise my deathless mind,

My little skiff, that skims the shores
 With half a sail and two short oars,
 Provides me food in gentler waves ;
 But if they gape in wat'ry graves
 I trust th' ETERNAL POW'R, Whose hand
 Has swell'd the storm so high,
 To waft my boat and me to land,
 Or give some angel swift command
 To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

LI. REDEMPTION.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the GOD of LOVE design'd,
 Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

Begin, my Muse ! the heav'nly song,
 A burden for an angel's tongue :
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things
 He tunes and summons all his strings.

Proclaim inimitable love :
 JESUS ! the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the GOD in mortal clay.

What black reproach defil'd his name,
 When with our sin, He took our shame !
 The POW'R whom kneeling angels bless,
 He made the impious rabble's jest !

He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans ;
The PRINCE of LIFE resigns His breath ;
The KING of GLORY bows to death.

But see the wonders of His pow'r,—
He triumphs in His dying hour,
And whilst by Satan's rage He fell
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in JESUS' blood ;
Then He arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by His love.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song ?
What vain pretender dares ?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue,
And Gabriel's harp despairs.*

LII. COMPLAINT AND HOPE UNDER GREAT PAIN, 1736.

LORD ! I am pain'd, but I resign
To THY superior will :
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

* In this Ode there are three or four lines taken from Mr. Bennett's Sacramental Hymns; for when I found they express my thoughts, and desires, in prayer and thankful language, I chuse rather to borrow and to acknowledge the debt, than to labour hard for words mine, that I might have the poor pleasure of calling them my own.

Dark are THY ways of Providence,
 While those that love THEE groan :
 Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
 Mysterious and unknown.

Yet Nature may have leave to speak,
 And plead before her GOD,
 Lest th' o'erburden'd heart should break
 Beneath THY heavy rod.

Will nothing but such daily pain
 Secure my soul from hell ?
 Canst THOU not make my health attain
 THY kind designs as well ?

How shall my tongue proclaim THY grace
 While thus at home confin'd ?
 What can I write, while painful flesh
 Hangs heavy on the mind ?

These groans and sighs, and flowing tears,
 Give my poor spirit ease,
 While ev'ry groan, my FATHER heart,
 And ev'ry tear He sees.

Is not some smiling hour at hand
 With peace upon its wings ?
 Give it, O GOD ! THY swift command
 With all the joys it brings.

III. ON AN ELEGY, WRIT BY THE RIGHT
HON. THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,
ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ROWE, 1737.

STRUCK with the sight of Philomela's urn,
Eusebia weeps, and calls her Muse to mourn;
While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell,
The groves confess a rising Philomel.

LIV. DR. YOUNG'S ADMIRABLE DESCRIPTION
OF THE PEACOCK ENLARGED.

VIEW next the peacock, what bright glories run
From plume to plume and vary in the sun!
Proudly he boasts them to the heav'nly ray,
Gives all his colors, and adorns the day.
Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,
Drest his rich form in azure, green, and gold,
Thy hand his crest with starry radiance crown'd,
Or spread his sweepy train? his train disdains
the ground,
And kindles living lamps thro' all the spacious
round.
Mark with what conscious state the bird displays
His native gems, and 'midst the waving blaze,
On the slow step of majesty he moves,—
Asserts his honors, and demands his loves.

THE END.

Printed by BIGGS and Co. Crane Court, Fleet Street.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN PHILIPS.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

PHILIPS, by Philips taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchills sang,
Familiar'd in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's words whilst his here Agiles;
Exalts the bard where he with honour can;
Exalts the poet, and exalts the man.

TICKELL

IN ONE VOLUME.

London

Printed for Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme;
Nichols and Son; J. Walker; White and Robinson; W. J. and
J. Richardson; F. C. and J. Rivington; Larkington, Allen, and
Co.; R. H. Evans; Colwell and Martin; Baskin's and
Orledge and Son; Vernon, Hood, and Wilson; A. Ford-
er; T. Payne; J. Bland; R. Lee; J. Bingham; T. Johnson;
W. Chubb and Sons; J. Lowndes; J. Macchett; W. and
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Lough and Bellamy; Lane and Martin; Mathews and
Lowe; A. Wynn; A. Barker; and
SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.



JOHN PHILLIPS.

THE LIFE
OF
JOHN PHILIPS;

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

JOHN PHILLIPS was born on the 30th of December, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordshire; of which place his father, Dr. Stephen Phillips, archdeacon of Salop, was minister. The first part of his education was domestic; after which he was sent to Winchester, where, as we are told by Dr. Sewel, his biographer, he was soon distinguished by the superiority of his exercises; and, what is less easily to be credited, so much endeared himself to his schoolfellows by his civility and good-nature, that they, without murmur or ill-will, saw him indulged by the master with particular immunities. It is related, that, when he was at school, he seldom mingled in play with the other boys; but retired to his chamber; where his sovereign pleasure was to sit, hour after hour, while his hair was combed by somebody, whose service he found means to procure*.

* Isaac Vossius relates, that he also delighted in having his PHILIPS.

At school, he became acquainted with the poets ancient and modern, and fixed his attention particularly on Milton.

In 1694 he entered himself at Christ-church; a college at that time in the highest reputation, by the transmission of Busby's scholars to the care, first of Fell, and afterwards of Aldrich. Here he was distinguished, as a genius eminent among the eminent, and for friendship particularly intimate with Mr. Smith, the author of *Phædra and Hippolytus*. The profession which he intended to follow was that of Physic; and he took much delight in Natural History, of which Botany was his favourite part.

His reputation was confined to his friends and to the University, till about 1703 he extended it to a wider circle by the *Splendid Shilling*, which struck the public attention with a mode of writing new and unexpected.

This performance raised him so high, that when

hair combed, when he could have it done by barbers or other persons skilled in the rules of prowdy. Of the passage that contains this ridiculous fancy, the following is a translation: "Many people take delight in the rubbing of their limbs, and the combing of their hair, but these exercises would delight much more, if the servants at the baths, and of the barbers, were so skilful in this art, that they could express any measures with their fingers. I remember, that, more than once, I have fallen into the hands of men of this sort, who could imitate any measure of songs in combing the hair; so as some times to express very intelligibly Iambics, Trochees &c. &c. from whence there arose to me no small delight." See his *Treatise De Proprietatibus corporis & virtutibus Kythara*. Oxon. 1674, p. 62. II

Europe resounded with the victory of Blenheim, he was, probably with an occult opposition to Addison, employed to deliver the acclamation of the Tories. It is said, that he would willingly have declined the task, but that his friends urged it upon him. It appears that he wrote this poem at the house of Mr. St. John.

Blenheim was published in 1705. The next year produced his greatest work, the poem upon *Cider*, in two books, which was received with loud praises, and continued long to be read, as an imitation of Virgil's *Georgic*, which needed not shun the presence of the original.

He then grew probably more confident of his own abilities, and began to meditate a poem on the *Last Day*, a subject on which no mind can hope to equal expectation.

This work he did not live to finish. his diseases, a slow consumption and an asthma, put a stop to his studies, and on Feb 15, 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year, put an end to his life. He was buried in the cathedral of Hereford, and Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, gave him a monument in Westminster Abbey. The inscription at Westminster was written, as I have heard, by Dr. Akerbury, though commonly given to Dr. Friend.

LIFE OF PHILIPS

His Epitaph at Hereford :

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15. die Feb Anno { Dom 1708
 { Ætate sua 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule ;
Si Tumulum desideras,

Templum ad Westmonasteriense :

Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & preclara,
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat,

Inscriptio

Quam interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum

A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pietissimâ,
Dilecti Filii Memorie non sine Lachrymis dicatum.

His Epitaph at Westminster :

Herefordia condantur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuat Image,
Britanniam omnes perstringat Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS.

Qui Viri bonis dotisque juxta cherus,
Immortale suum Ingredietur
Eruditione multiplici ornatus,
Mors cuius condere,
Eximii meriti simplicitate,
Honestaret.

*Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,
 Quam Wintonæ Puer sentire caperat,
 Inter Edis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,
 In illo Musarum Domicilio
 Præclaris Emulorum studiis excitatus,
 Optimis scribendi Magister semper intentus,
 Carmina sermone Patrio composuit
 A Græcis Latinæque fontibus feliciter deducta,
 Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
 Versuum quippe Harmoniam
 Rhythmo didicerat.*

*Antique illo, libero, multiformi
 Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
 Non Numerus in eundem ferè orbem redentibus,
 Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
 Metri :*

*Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltono secundus,
 Præcipue pæne par.*

*Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
 Ornandas sumscrat,*

*Nuquam, non quod decuit,
 Et videt, & accusatus est,*

*Egregius, quæcumque Styli verteret,
 Fœdus Author, & Modernum Artifex.*

Fas sit Haic,

*Auso licet à eod. Metrorum Lege disticere,
 O Patris Anglicani Pater, utque Conditor, Chancere!*

Alterum illis hunc claudere,

*Votum certe Chæret, quo nullique stipendium
 Non dedecabit Chærum.*

*SIMON HARCOURT, Miles,
 Viri benè de se, de Latteris meriti
 Quoad viveret Factor,
 Post Obitum piè memor,
 Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.,
 J. PHILIPS, STEPHAN, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
 Salop. Filius, natus est Bamptoniæ
 in agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676.
 Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.*

Philips has been always praised, without contradiction, as a man modest, blameless, and pious; who bore narrowness of fortune without discontent, and tedious and painful maladies without impatience; beloved by those that knew him, but not ambitious to be known. He was probably not formed for a wide circle. His conversation is commended for its innocent gaiety; which seems to have flowed only among his intimates, for I have been told, that he was, in company, silent and barren, and employed only upon the pleasures of his pipe. His addiction to tobacco is mentioned by one of his biographers; who remarks that in all his writings, except *Blenheim*, he has found an opportunity of celebrating the fragrant fume. In common life, he was probably one of those who please by not offending, and whose person was loved because his writings were admired. He died honored and lamented, before any part of his re-

putation had withered, and before his patron St. John had disgraced him.

His works are few. The *Splendid Shilling* has the uncommon merit of an original design, unless it may be thought precluded by the ancient *Centos*. To degrade the sounding words and stately construction of Milton, by an application to the lowest and most trivial things, gratifies the mind with a momentary triumph over that grandeur which hitherto held its captives in admiration; the words and things are presented with a new appearance, and novelty is always grateful where it gives no pain.

But the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, and even adapt it with more art, which would not be difficult, must yet expect but a small part of the praise which Phillips has obtained; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a jest.

"The parody on Milton," says Gildon, "is the only tolerable production of its author." This is a censure too dogmatical and violent. The poem of *Blenheim* was never denied to be tolerable, even by those who do not allow its supreme excellence. It is indeed the poem of a scholar, *all inexpert of war*; of a man who writes books from books, and studies the world in a college. He seems to have formed his idea of the field of

Blenheim from the battles of the heroic ages, or the tales of chivalry, with very little comprehension of the qualities necessary to the composition of a modern hero, which Addison has displayed with so much propriety. He makes *Marlborough* behold at a distance the slaughter made by *Tallard*, then haste to encounter and restrain him, and mow his way through ranks made headless by his sword.

He imitates Milton's numbers indeed, but imitates them very injudiciously. Deformity is easily copied; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away,—all that is obsolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips. Milton's verse was harmonious, in proportion to the general state of our metre in Milton's age; and, if he had written after the improvements made by Dryden, it is reasonable to believe that he would have admitted a more pleasing modulation of numbers into his work; but Philips sits down with a resolution to make no more music than he found; to want all that his master wanted, though he is very far from having what his master had. Those asperities, therefore, that are venerable in the *Paradise Lost*, are contemptible in the *Blenheim*.

There is a Latin ode written to his patron St. John, in return for a present of wine and tobacco; which cannot be passed without notice. It is gay and elegant; and exhibits several artful accommo-

dations of classic expressions to new purposes. It seems better turned than the odes of *Hannes**.

To the poem on *Cider*, written in imitation of the *Georgics*, may be given this peculiar praise, that it is grounded in truth; that the precepts which it contains are exact and just; and that it is therefore, at once, a book of entertainment and of science. This I was told by Miller, the great gardener and botanist, whose expression was, that *there were many books written on the same subject in prose, which do not contain so much truth as that poem.*

In the disposition of his matter, so as to intersperse precepts relating to the culture of trees, with sentiments more generally alluring, and in easy and graceful transitions from one subject to another; he has very diligently imitated his master. but he, unhappily, pleased *himself* with blank verse, and supposed that the numbers of Milton, which impress the mind with veneration, combined as they are with subjects of inconceivable grandeur, could be sustained by images which at most can rise only to elegance. Contending angels may shake the regions of heaven, in blank verse; but the flow of equal measures, and the embellish-

* This ode I am willing to mention, because there seems to be an error in all the printed copies, which is, I find, retained in the last I have read,

Quam Gustarum cura delectationem

O' Q! labellum cui Meane lumbet.

The author probably wrote,

Quam Gustarum cura delectationem

Quam; labellum cui Vegas lumbet.

Br J.

ment of rhyme, must recommend to our attention the art of engraving, and decide the merit of the *red-streak* and *pearmain*.

What study could confer, Philips had obtained ; but natural deficiency cannot be supplied. He seems not born to greatness and elevation. He is never lofty ; nor does he often surprize with unexpected excellence : but perhaps to his last poem may be applied what Tully said of the work of Lucretius, that *it is written with much art, though with few blazes of genius*.

The following fragment, written by Edmund Smith, upon the works of Philips, has been transcribed from the Bodleian manuscripts.

**" A PREFATORY DISCOURSE TO THE POEM
" ON MR. PHILIPS, WITH A CHARAC-
" TER OF HIS WRITINGS.**

" It is altogether as equitable some account
" should be given of those who have distinguish-
" ed themselves by their writings, as of those
" who are renowned for great actions. It is but
" reasonable, they who contribute so much to the
" immortality of others, should have some share
" in it themselves ; and since their genius only is
" discovered by their works, it is just that their
" virtues should be recorded by their friends. For
" no modest man (as the person I write of was in

" perfection) will write their own panegyrics ;
 " and it is very hard that they should go without
 " reputation, only because they the more deserve
 " it. The end of writing *Lives* is for the imitation
 " of the readers. It will be in the power of very
 " few to imitate the duke of Marlborough ; we
 " must be content with admiring his great qualities
 " and actions, without hopes of following them.
 " The private and social virtues are more easily
 " transcribed. The Life of Cowley is more in-
 " structive, as well as more fine, than any we have
 " in our language. And it is to be wished, since
 " Mr. Philips had so many of the good qualities of
 " that poet, that I had some of the abilities of his
 " historian.

" The Grecian philosophers have had their
 " Lives written, their morals commended, and
 " their sayings recorded. Mr. Philips had all
 " their virtues to which most of them only pre-
 " tended, and all their integrity without any of
 " their affectation.

" The French are very just to eminent men in
 " this point ; not a learned man nor a poet can
 " die, but all Europe must be acquainted with his
 " accomplishments. They give praise, and expect
 " it in their turns : they commend their Patru's
 " and Molières as well as their Condés and Tu-
 " rennes ; their Pellisons and Racines have their
 " elogies, as well as the prince whom they cele-
 " brate ; and their poems, their mercurics, and

“ orations, nay their very gazettes, are filled with
“ the praises of the learned.

“ I am satisfied, had they a Philips among them,
“ and known how to value him; had they one of
“ his learning, his temper, but above all of that
“ particular turn of humor, that altogether new
“ genius, he had been an example to their poets,
“ and a subject of their panegyrics—and perhaps,
“ set in competition with the ancients, to whom,
“ only, he ought to submit.

“ I shall therefore endeavour to do justice to his
“ memory, since nobody else undertakes it. And
“ indeed I can assign no cause why so many of
“ his acquaintance (that are as willing and more
“ able than myself to give an account of him)
“ should forbear to celebrate the memory of one
“ so dear to them, but only that they look upon
“ it as a work entirely belonging to me.

“ I shall content myself with giving only a
“ character of the person and his writings, without
“ meddling with the transactions of his life, which
“ was altogether private. I shall only make this
“ known observation of his family, that there was
“ scarcely so many extraordinary men in any one.
“ I have been acquainted with five of his brothers
“ (of which three are still living), all men of fine
“ parts, yet all of a very unlike temper and ge-
“ nius. So that their fruitful mother, like the
“ mother of the gods, seems to have produced a
“ numerous offspring, all of different though un-

“ common faculties. Of the living, neither their
“ modesty nor the humor of the present age, per-
“ mits me to speak : of the dead, I may say some-
“ thing.

“ One of them had made the greatest progress
“ in the study of the law of nature and nations of
“ any one I know. He had perfectly mastered,
“ and even improved, the notions of Grotius and
“ the more refined ones of Puffendorf. He could
“ refute Hobbes with as much solidity as some of
“ greater name, and expose him with as much wit
“ as Echard. That noble study, which requires
“ the greatest reach of reason and nicety of dis-
“ tinction, was not at all difficult to him. 'Twas a
“ national loss, to be deprived of one who under-
“ stood a science so necessary, and yet so unknown
“ in England. I shall add only, he had the same
“ honesty and sincerity as the person I write of,
“ but more heat : the former was more inclined to
“ argue, the latter to divert : one employed his
“ reason more ; the other his imagination : the
“ former had been well qualified for those posts,
“ which the modesty of the latter made him re-
“ fuse. His other dead brother would have been
“ an ornament to the college of which he was a
“ member. He had a genius either for poetry or
“ oratory ; and, though very young, composed se-
“ veral very agreeable pieces. In all probability
“ he would have wrote as finely as his brother did
“ nobly. He might have been the Waller, as the

" other was the Milton, of his time. The one
 " might celebrate Marlborough, the other his
 " beautiful offspring. This had not been so fit to
 " describe the actions of heroes as the virtues of
 " private men. In a word, he had been fitter for
 " my place; and, while his brother was writing
 " upon the greatest men that any age ever pro-
 " duced, in a style equal to them; he might have
 " served as a panegyrist upon him.

" This is all I think necessary to say of his fa-
 " mily. I shall proceed to himself, and his writ-
 " ings; which I shall first treat of, because I know
 " they are censured by some out of envy, and
 " more out of ignorance.

" The *Splendid Shilling*, which is far the least
 " considerable, has the more general reputation,
 " and perhaps hinders the character of the rest.
 " The style agreed so well with the burlesque,
 " that the ignorant thought it could become nothing
 " else. Every body is pleased with that work.
 " But to judge rightly of the other, requires a per-
 " fect mastery of poetry and criticism, a just con-
 " tempt of the little turns and witticisms now in
 " vogue, and, above all, a perfect understanding of
 " poetical diction and description.

" All that have any taste of poetry will agree,
 " that the great burlesque is much to be preferred
 " to the low. It is much easier to make a great
 " thing appear little, than a little one great: Cot-
 " ton and others of a very low genius have done

“ the former ; but Philips, Garth, and Boileau,
 “ only the latter.

“ A picture in miniature is every painter’s ta-
 “ lent ; but a piece for a cupola, where all the
 “ figures are enlarged, yet proportioned to the eye,
 “ requires a master’s hand.

“ It must still be more acceptable than the low
 “ burlesque, because the images of the latter are
 “ mean and filthy, and the language itself entirely
 “ unknown to all men of good breeding. The
 “ style of Billingsgate would not make a very
 “ agreeable figure at St. James’s. A gentleman
 “ would take but little pleasure in language, which
 “ he would think it hard to be accosted in, or in
 “ reading words which he could not pronounce
 “ without blushing. The lofty burlesque is the
 “ more to be admired, because, to write it, the
 “ author must be master of two of the most dif-
 “ ferent talents in nature. A talent to find out
 “ and expose what is ridiculous, is very different
 “ from that which is to raise and elevate. We
 “ must read Virgil and Milton for the one, and
 “ and Horace and Hudibras for the other. We
 “ know that the authors of excellent comedies
 “ have often failed in the grave style, and the tra-
 “ gedian as often in comedy. Admiration and
 “ Laughter are of such opposite natures, that they
 “ are seldom created by the same person. The
 “ man of mirth is always observing the follies and
 “ weaknesses,—the serious writer, the virtues or

" crimes of mankind ; one is pleased with contem-
 " plating a beau ; the other, a hero : even from
 " the same object they would draw different
 " ideas : Achilles would appear in very different
 " lights to Thersites and Alexander ; the one
 " would admire the courage and greatness of his
 " soul, the other would ridicule the vanity and
 " rashness of his temper. As the satyrist says to
 " Hannibal ;

— " I, curre per Alpes,
 " Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.

" The contrariety of style to the subject pleases
 " the more strongly, because it is more surprising :
 " the expectation of the reader is pleasantly de-
 " ceived ; who expects an humble style from the
 " subject, or a great subject from the style. It
 " pleases the more universally, because it is agree-
 " able to the taste both of the grave and the mer-
 " ry ; but more particularly so to those who have
 " a relish of the best writers, and the noblest sort
 " of poetry. I shall produce only one passage out
 " of this poet ; which is the misfortune of his
 " Galligaskins,

" My Galligaskins, which have long withstood
 " The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
 " By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)

" This is admirably pathetic, and shews very
 " well the vicissitudes of sublunary things. The
 " rest goes on to a prodigious height ; and a ma

" in Greenland could hardly have made a more
 " pathetic and terrible complaint. Is it not sur-
 " prising that the subject should be so mean, and
 " the verse so pompous ; that the least things in
 " his poetry, as in a microscope, should grow
 " great and formidable to the eye ; especially con-
 " sidering that, not understanding French, he had
 " no model for his style ?—that he should have
 " no writer to imitate, and himself be inimitable ?
 " —that he should do all this before he was
 " twenty ?—at an age which is usually pleased
 " with a glare of false thoughts, little turns, and
 " unnatural fustian ? at an age, at which Cowley,
 " Dryden, and I had almost said Virgil, were in-
 " considerable ? So soon was his imagination at its
 " full strength, his judgement ripe, and his hu-
 " mour complete.

" This poem was written for his own diver-
 " sion, without any design of publication. It was
 " communicated but to me ; but soon spread, and
 " fell into the hands of pirates. It was put out,
 " vilely mangled, by Ben Bragge ; and *impudently*
 " *said to be corrected by the author.* This grievance
 " is now grown more epidemical ; and no man now
 " has a right to his own thoughts ; or a title to
 " his own writings. Xenophon answered the Per-
 " sian, who demanded his arms, ' We have no-
 " thing now left us but our arms, and our valor ;
 " if we surrender the one, how shall we make use
 " of the other ? ' Poets have nothing but their wits

" and their writings ; and if they are plundered of
 " the latter, I don't see what good the former can
 " do them. To pirate, and publicly own it, to
 " prefix their names to the works ~~they~~ steal, to
 " own and avow the theft, I believe, ~~was~~ never yet
 " heard of but in England. It will sound oddly
 " to posterity, that, in a polite nation, in an en-
 " lightened age, under the direction of the most
 " wise, most learned, and most generous en-
 " couragers of knowledge in the world, the pro-
 " perty of a mechanic should be better secured
 " than that of a scholar ; that the poorest manual
 " operations should be more valued than the no-
 " blest products of the brain ; that it should be
 " felony to rob a cobbler of a pair of shoes, and no
 " crime to deprive the best author of his whole
 " subsistence ; that nothing should make a man a
 " sure title to his own writings but the stupidity
 " of them, that the works of Dryden should meet
 " with less encouragement than those of his own
 " Flecknoe, or Blackmore ; that Tillotson and St.
 " George, Tom Thumb and Temple, should be
 " set on an equal foot. This is the reason why
 " this very Paper has been so long delayed ; and
 " while the most impudent and scandalous libels
 " are publicly vended by the pirates, this innocent
 " work is forced to steal abroad as if it were a
 " libel.

" Our present writers are by these wretches se-
 " duced to the same condition Virgil was, when

" the centurion seized on his estate. But I don't
 " doubt but I can fix upon the Mæcenas of the
 " present age, that will retrieve them from it.
 " But, whatever effect this piracy may have upon
 " us, it contributed very much to the advantage of
 " Mr. Philips; it helped him to a reputation,
 " which he neither desired nor expected, and to
 " the honour of being put upon a work of which
 " he did not think himself capable; but the event
 " shewed his modesty. And it was reasonable to
 " hope, that he, who could raise mean subjects so
 " high, should still be more elevated on greater
 " themes; that he, that could draw such noble
 " ideas from a shilling, could not fail upon such
 " a subject as the duke of Marlborough, *which is ca-*
 " *pable of heightening even the most low and*
 " *trifling genius.* And, indeed, most of the great
 " works which have been produced in the world
 " have been owing less to the poet than the pa-
 " tron. Men of the greatest genius are sometimes
 " lazy, and want a spur; often modest, and dare
 " not venture in public; they certainly know their
 " faults in the worst things; and even their best
 " things they are not fond of, because the idea of
 " what they ought to be is far above what they
 " are. This induced me to believe that Virgil
 " desired his works might be burnt, had not the
 " same Augustus, that desired him to write them,
 " preserved them from destruction. A scribbling
 " beau may imagine a Poet may be induced to write,

“ by the very pleasure he finds in writing ; but
 “ that * is seldom, when people are necessitated to
 “ it. I have known men row, and use very hard
 “ labor, for diversion, which if they had been
 “ tied to, they would have thought themselves
 “ very unhappy.

“ But to return to *Blenheim*, that work so much
 “ admired by some, and censured by others. I
 “ have often wished he had wrote it in Latin, that
 “ he might be out of the reach of the empty cri-
 “ tics, who could have a little understood his
 “ meaning in that language, as they do his beau-
 “ ties in his own.

“ False critics have been the plague of all ages ;
 “ Milton himself, in a very polite court, has been
 “ compared to the rumbling of a wheel-barrow :
 “ he had been on the wrong side, and therefore
 “ could not be a good poet. *And this, perhaps,*
 “ *may be Mr. Philips's case.*

“ But I take generally the ignorance of his
 “ readers to be the occasion of their dislike. Peo-
 “ ple that have formed their taste upon the French
 “ writers can have no relish for Philips : they ad-
 “ mire points and turns, and consequently have no
 “ judgment of what is great and majestic : he must
 “ look little in their eyes, when he soars so high
 “ as to be almost out of their view. I cannot
 “ therefore allow any admirer of the French to be

“ a judge of Blenheim, nor any who takes Bou-
 “ hours for a complete critic. He generally judges
 “ of the Ancients by the Moderns, and not the Mo-
 “ derns by the Ancients, he takes those passages
 “ of their own authors to be really sublime which
 “ come nearest to it, he often calls that a noble
 “ and a great thought which is only a pretty and
 “ fine one, and has more instances of the sublime
 “ out of Ovid de Tristibus, than he has out of
 “ all Virgil

“ I shall allow, therefore, only those to be
 “ judges of Philips, who make the Ancients, and
 “ particularly Virgil, their standard.

“ But before I enter on this subject, I shall
 “ consider what is particular in the style of Phi-
 “ lips, and examine what ought to be the style of
 “ heroic poetry, and next enquire how far he is
 “ come up to that style

“ His style is particular, because he lays aside
 “ rhyme, and writes in blank verse, and uses old
 “ words, and frequently postpones the adjective to
 “ the substantive, and the substantive to the verb;
 “ and leaves out little particles, *a*, and *the*; *her*,
 “ and *his*, and uses frequent appositions. Now
 “ let us examine, whether these alterations of
 “ style be conformable to the true sublime.”

* * * * *

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

—Sing, heav'nly Muse!
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
 A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A Splendid Shilling! He nor hears ~~with pain~~
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise, 5
 To Juniper's, Magpie*, or Town Hall repairs,
 Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eyes
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Cloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love. 10
 Mean-while, he smokes; and laughs at merry tales,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds
 And hunger, sure attendants upon want,
 With scanty offals and small acid tiff
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain;
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* Juniper's, and the Magpie, were alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well polish'd jet, 20
 Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent!
 Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
 Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he, 25
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High overshadowing rides; with a design
 To vend his wares, or at the Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town 30
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun, 36
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends.
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know 40
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do, or whither turn? Aghast'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of Woodhole. Strait, my bristling hairs erect
 Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews 45
 My shudd'ring limbs; and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow,

Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints, 50
 Disastrous acts forebode. In his right hand,
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes: (ye Gods! avert
 Such plagues from righteous men:) Behind him
 Another monster, not unlike himself, [stalks
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible and magic charms
 First have endu'd: if he his ample palm 60
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont,)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains 65
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk beware;
 Be-circumspect. Oft with insidious ken
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft 70
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So, (poets sing)
 Grimalkin,—so domestic vermin, sworn
 An everlasting foe,—with watchful eye 75
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 *Preceding her fell crew, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin.—So her disembowell'd web

Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands 80
 Within her woven cell : the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the coils
 Inextricable : nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue :
 The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone, 85
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils ;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood 90
 Drinks of reluctant foes ; and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days.—But ;—when nocturnal shades
 This world envelope ; and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood ;—
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring light
 Of makeweight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend delights : distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night 100
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind : or, sometimes mournful vers
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or deep'rate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And, restless, wish and rave : my parched throat
 Finds no relief ; nor heavy eyes, repose :

But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake, 110
 Thoughtful of drink, and, eager, in a dream
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale
 In vain:—awake, I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus, do I live from pleasure quite debar'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature,—Johnapple nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay;
 Afflictions great!—yet greater still remain. 120
 My galligaskins,—that have long withstood
 The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,—
 By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue!)
 An horrid chasm disclos'd, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous, at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts
 Portending agues. Thus a wellfrught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep 130
 Or the Ionian; till, cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crash
 On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea; in, at the gaping side,
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,

BLENHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the growling Muse
 Now mounts ærial, to sing of arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
 Of Britain's hero. May the verse not sink
 Beneath his merits, but detain a while 5
 Thy ear, O Harley!* (tho' thy country's weal
 Depends on thee, tho' mighty Anne requires
 Thy hourly counsels)—since, with ev'ry art
 Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
 Thou wilt not damp; but guide, wherever found,
 The willing Genius to the Muses seat;
 Therefore, *these*, first and last, the Muse shall sing,
 Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontroll'd,
 Enlarg'd his borders,—and of human force
 Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate;— 15
 As erst Sesostris: (proud Egyptian king,
 That monarchs, harness'd, to his chariot yok'd,
 Base servitude! and his dethron'd compeers
 Lash'd furious; they, in sullen majesty,
 Drew the uneasy load:)—nor less he aim'd 20
 At universal sway.—For William's arm

* This poem was inscribed to the Right Hon. Robert Harley,
 Esq. 1705, then Speaker of the Honorable House of Commons,
 and Secretary of State.

Could nought avail, (however fam'd in war,)
 Nor armies, leagu'd, that diversly essay'd
 To curb his pow'r enormous. Like an oak
 That stands secure, tho' all the winds employ 25
 Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
 Or mast, which the revolving spring restores;
 So stood he; and alone, alone, defy'd
 The European thrones combin'd; and still
 Had set at nought their machinations vain— 30
 But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
 Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
 Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
 Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
 The Britons recollect; and, gladly, change 35
 Sweet, native home for unaccustom'd air
 And other climes; where diff'rent food and soil
 Portend distempers. Over dank and dry
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with length
 Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight 40
 Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
 All white with summer's snows! They go beyond
 The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
 Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
 Thy conduct and example give. Nor small 45
 Encouragement, Godolphin,—wise and just,
 Equal in merit, honor, and success,
 To Burleigh, (fortunes alike to serve
 The best of queens).—He, of the royal store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid 50
 Of sweet repose, industrious to procure

The soldier's ease: to regions far remote
His care extends, and to the British host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O Churchill! at thy wish'd approach,
The Germans,—hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd—their drooping cheer,
New animated, rouse. Not more rejoice

The miserable race of men—that live,
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts 60
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!—

When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom. Gladly, to thee...
Heroic, laurell'd Eugene yields the prime; 65
Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd

In military honor next; altho'
His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands

Victorious. On thy pow'rful sword, alone, 70
Germania, and the Belgic coast rely,

Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword spent
Fix'd ~~not~~ in vain on thy puissant side, [Anne
When thee Sh' enroll'd Her garter'd knights among,
Illustrating the noble list: Her hand 75

Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.

Immediate sieges and the tire of war
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumed crest
Nods horrible; with more terrific port 80
Thou walk'st; and seem'st, already, in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests, then did Albion
hope

From thy achievements! yet thou hast surpast
Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy. They, in multitude, 85
Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what

From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one,
Jovial, his mate bespoke: "O Friend! observe
"How gay, with all th' accoutrements of war, 90
"The Britons come; with gold wellfraught they
"come

"Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
"Their recreant force; how will their booty
"stripp'd,

"Enrich the victors, while the vultures
"Their maws with full repast!"—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of prowess 96
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:

"What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
"Of base antagonists, with griding edge 99
"Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
"Of Churchill, met in arms; or if this hand,
"Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
"Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
"Confounded and appall'd! No trivial price 104
"Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
"To lead him shackled and expos'd to scorn
"Of gath'ring crowds, the Britons' boasted chief."

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
 And menaces express'd; nor could their prince
 In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
 Refrain. "Why halt ye thus, ye Britons! why
 Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid
 Your easy march? Advance, we'll bridge a way,
 Safe of access." Imprudent! thus t' invite
 A furious lion to his folds! That boast 115
 He still-abides; capuv'd, in other plight,
 He soon revisits Britanny, that, once,
 Desplendent came, with stretch'd retinue girt,
 A pompous pageantry. O hapless fate,
 If any arm but Churchill's had prevail'd! 120
 No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
 Of cowardice. The military mound
 The British files transcend, in evil hour
 For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
 And now on either side the trumpets blew, 125
 A signal of onset, resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
 The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
 Collecting all their might; for on th' event,
 Decisive, of this bloody day, depends 130
 The fate of kingdoms. With less vehemence,
 The great competitors for Rome, engag'd,
 Cæsar and Pompey, on Phœnician plains,—
 Where soon Bellona, with one final stroke,
 Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one. 135
 Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
 Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
 Bold Champion! brandishing his Noric blade,

Best-temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field.
 Next Tallard with his Celtic infantry 140
 Presumptuous comes. Here Churchill not so prompt
 To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
 With Eugene's German force. Now, from each van,
 The brazen instruments of death discharge
 Horrible flames, and turbid, streaming clouds 145
 Of smoke sulphurous: intermix'd with these
 Large globous irons fly, of dreadful weight
 Singeing the air; and from long distances bring
 Surprising slaughter: on each side they lay
 By chains connex'd, and, with destructive sweep, 150
 Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while num'rous trunks bestrew
 Th' ensanguin'd field. With latent mischief stor'd,
 Show'rs of granadoes rain, by sudden burst 154
 Disploding mard'rous bowels,—fragments of steel
 And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust.
 A thousand ways at once, the shiver'd orbs
 Fly diverse, working torment and foul rout,
 With deadly bruise and gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds 160
 Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted riders: they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus, thro' each army, death in various shapes
 Prevail'd: here mangled limbs, here brains and gore,
 Lie clotted: lifeless, some: with anguish these
 Gnashing, and loud laments, invoking aid, 167
 Unpitied and unheard: the louder din
 Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and solemn spread

BLENHEIM.

Of drums, o'creame their groans. In equal
 Long hung the fight: few marks of fear were seen,
 None, of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy vapors in mid-aky,
 Engage with horrid shock; the ruffled brine
 Roars stormy; they together dash the clouds, 175
 Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
 Long undecided lasts the airy strife;—
 So they, incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
 The violence of Tallard ~~was~~ prevail'd,
 Came to oppose his slaught'ring arm: with speed
 Precipitant he rode, urging his way 181
 O'er hills of gasping heroes and fall'n steeds
 Rolling in death; Destruction, grim with blood,
 Attends his furious course. Him thus engag'd
 Descrying from afar, some engineer, 185
 Dextrous to guide th' asserting charge, design'd
 By one nice shot to terminate the war:
 With aim direct she levell'd bullet flew,
 But miss'd her scope, (for destiny withstood 189
 Th' approaching wound,) and, guiltless, plough'd her
 Beneath his counter: round his sacred head
 The glowing balls play innocent, while he
 With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
 Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O beware,
 Great Warrior! not too prodigal of life, 195
 Expose the British safety: hath not Joan
 Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thyself for other palms. It's now, thy aid
 Eugene, with regiments unequal press'd,

this day, of all his honors gain'd, 200
 Defends him—if thy succour opportune,
 Defends not the sad hour. Permit not thou
 So brave a leader, with the vulgar herd,
 To bite the ground unnoted—Swift and fierce
 As wintry storm, he flies to reinforce 205
 The yielding wing: in Gallie blood again
 He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
 With headless ranks; so Ajax interpos'd
 His sevenfold shield and screen'd Laertes' son,
 For valor much and warlike wiles renown'd, 210
 When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
 With tilted spears. Unmanly dread invades
 The French array'd; straight their useless arms
 They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
 Unseemly yelling; distant falls return 215
 The hideous noise. What can they do; or how
 Withstand his wide destroying sword; or where
 Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
 Relentless, th' eager English champions press,
 Chastising tardy flight; before them, rolls 220
 His current swift the Danube, vast and deep,
 Supreme of rivers! as the frightful brink
 Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd
 New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
 Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate 226
 To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
 Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
 On the firm land; the rest discomfited,

And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood; 231
 Bands, num'rous as the Memphian soldiery
 That swell'd the Erythrean wave, when wall'd
 The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
 Observant of the Great Command. Upborne 235
 By frothy billows, thousands float the stream
 In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore,
 Confiding in their hands, that sedulous strive
 To cut th' outrageous fluent. In this distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew 240
 Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
 Sustain; vain love, tho' laudable!—absorb'd
 By a fierce eddy, they, together, sound
 The vast profundity: their horses paw
 The swelling surge with fruitless toil. Surcharg'd,
 And in his course obstructed by large spoil, 246
 The river flows redundant, and attacks
 The ling'ring remnant with unusual tide;
 Then, rolling back, in his capacious lap
 Ingulfs their whole militia, quick, immers'd. 250
 So, when some swelt'ring travellers retire
 To leafy shades, near the cool, sunless verge
 Of Paraba, Brazilian stream,—her tail
 Of vast extension, from her wat'ry den,
 A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth, 255
 Insidious; and with curl'd enormous'd train.
 Embracing horribly, at once the crew
 Into the river whirle; th' unwetting prey,
 Enwisted, roars; th' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease 260
 To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd: full many felt
 In the moist element a scorching death,
 Pierc'd sinking Shrouded in a dusky cloud,
 The current flows, with livid missive flames
 Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd, 265
 Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
 Of Peleus, to his baleful banks, pursu'd
 The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
 Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
 Into the deep immense, that many a league 270
 Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.

Thus the experienced valor of one man,
 Mighty in conflict, rescu'd harrass'd pow'rs
 From ruin impendent; and th' afflicted throne
 Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world, 275
 Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long deferr'd
 The rough contention, nor would design to rout
 An host dispersed. When, in union firm
 Embodiy'd, they advanc'd, collecting all
 Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd,—
 He the proud boasters sent with stern assault
 Down to the realms of Night. The British souls,
 (A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On Landen plains, this heav'nly gladsome air *,
 Exult to see the crowding ghoshs descend 285
 Unnumber'd, well aveng'd they quit the cars
 Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.

* i. e. the air of the present life.

Not so the new inhabitants; they roam
 Erroneous and disconsolate, themselves
 Accusing and their chiefs, improvident 290
 Of military chance; when lo! they see
 Thro' the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
 Two lovely youths that amicably walk'd
 O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd perhaps revolv'd
 Anna's late conquests; one to empire born, 295
 Egregious* Prince†, whose manly childhood
 His mingl'd parents, and portended joy [shew'd
 Unspeakable; thou his associate dear‡
 Once in this world, nor now, by Fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone, 300
 Should'st Churchill be! but Heav'n severe cut short
 Their springing years, nor would this isle should
 Gifts so important! Them the Gallic shades [boast
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace 305
 Delighted,—till, in one, their curious eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien
 And corresponding features fair, to them
 Confusion: strait the airy phantoms fleet 309
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit:
 The image, pleas'd, with joy paternal smiles.
 Enough, O Muse! the sadly-pleasing theme
 Leave with these dark shodes, and re-ascend
 To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait

* Egregious, in this sense of eminently excellent, is nearly obsolete

† Duke of Gloucester.

‡ Marquis of Blandford.

The conq'ror and sav'd nations' joint acclaim. 315
 Hark! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation Struggling crowds
 From ev'ry city flow, with ardent gaze
 Fix'd they behold the British Guide, of sight
 Insatiate, whilst his great redeeming hand 320
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
 How Prussia's King, transported, entertains
 His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
 Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate
 Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave 325
 Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to shew
 The skill and rudiments austere of war
 See! with what joy him Iccold declares
 His great deliverer, and courts t' accept
 Of titles, with superior modesty 330
 Better refus'd. Mean-while the haughty king
 Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair and fear
 Now first he feels. his laurels, all at once
 Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
 Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp
 Of various-sounding wire, (best taught to calm 336
 Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
 With highest strains,) his languid spirits cheer:
 Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.
 But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
 Torment the Boian prince? From native soil 341
 Exil'd by fate; torn from the dear embrace
 Of weeping consort; and depriv'd the sight
 Of his young guiltless progeny; he seeks

Inglorious shelter in an alien land; 345
 Deplorable! but that his mind averse
 To right, and insincere, would violate
 His plighted faith. Why did he not accept
 Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
 With whom he must contend? encount'ring fierce
 The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
 His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Paynim blood effus'd, nor did the Gaul
 Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
 Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,— 355
 Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he sees
 Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
 Of him he once defy'd. O destitute
 Of hope, unpity'd! thou shouldst first have thought
 Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid 360
 Thy own inconstant, ill-aspiring heart.
 Lo! how the Noric plains thro' thy default
 Rise hilly with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
 Best men! that warr'd still firmly for their prince
 Tho' faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd, 365
 Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
 Well fenc'd and num'rous, desolation reigns;
 And emptiness: dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
 The widow and the orphan stroll around
 The desert wide; with oft reverted eye 370
 They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
 Of mansions, once their own, (now loathsome haunts
 Of birds obscene,) bewailing loud the loss
 Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime,

Slain in sad conflict, and complain of Fate 375
 As partial and too rig'rous, nor find
 Where to retire themselves, or whil' appease
 Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
 To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts
 Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
 By Heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace! 381
 Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
 Thy well-blest crown'd with Nature's choicest gifts,
 Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
 Depopulation, void, alone, of fear 385
 And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
 Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
 Th' Iberian sceptre undecided here
 Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
 From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth descends
 Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
 With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
 Gallic or Austrian: havoc dire ensues
 And wild uproar: the natives, dubious whom
 They must obey, in consternation wait 395
 Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their liege.
 Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
 On the mild Latian shore. What sighs and tears
 Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
 His cleaving falcion! fertile soil in vain, 400
 What do thy pastures or thy vines avail,
 Best boon of Heav'n! or huge Tabernus cloth'd
 With olives, when the cruel battle mows
 The planters, with their harvest, unmat'ure?

See! with what outrage from the frosty North 405
 The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
 In battalious array; while Volga's stream
 Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
 Her borderers; on mutual slaughter bent
 They rend their countries—How is Poland vex'd
 With civil broils, while two elected kings 411
 Contend for sway? unhappy nation! left
 Thus free of choice. The English, undisturb'd
 With such sad privilege, submissive obey
 Whom Heav'n ordains supreme, with reverence due,
 Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure. 416
 From scepter'd kings in long descent deriv'd,
 Thou, Anna! rulest, prudent to promote
 Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
 Of Europe's good. To thee, of kingly rights 420
 Sole arbitress, declining thrones and pow'rs
 Sue for relief. Thou bidst thy Churchill go
 Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
 Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd—he goes
 Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils 425
 In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
 To Rooke that he should let that monarch know
 The empire of the ocean, wide diffus'd,
 Is thine—behold! with winged speed he rides,
 Undaunted, o'er the lab'ring main, t' assert 430
 Thy liquid kingdoms: at his near approach,
 The Gallic navies, impotent to bear
 His roll'd thunder, torn, dis sever'd, scud,
 And bless the friendly interposing night. 434

Hail, mighty Queen! reserv'd by Fate to grace
 The newborn age. What hopes may we conceive
 Of future years, when to thy early reign
 Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
 Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd, 440
 Mountain sublime! that casts a shade of length
 Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
 Let others with insatiate thirst of rule
 Invade their neighbours' lands, neglect the ties
 Of leagues and oaths; this thy people's praise 445
 Be still, 'to study right and quell the force
 Of kings perfidious:' let them learn from thee
 That neither strength, nor policy refin'd
 Shall with success be crown'd where justice fails.
 Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself 450
 Subduest regions, generous to raise
 The suppliant knee and curb the rebel neck.
 The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
 The great advantage; nought to thee redounds,
 But satisfaction from thy conscious mind. 455
 Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms, secure
 Of peace, thou reignest, and victory attends
 Thy distant enaigos, with compassion view
 Europe embroil'd: still thou (for thou alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire, 460
 Reciprocally ruinous: say who
 Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
 By thy decree? The trembling lands shall hear
 Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should brane

Their stubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath
Make them remember Blenheim with regret. 466

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy pow'r and justice: Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate infernal, banish'd, shall retire
To Mauritania or the Bactrian coasts, 470
Or Tartary, engend'ring discords fell
Amongst the enemies of truth, while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love,
Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning¹ in perpetual tenor run 475
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!

Thus from the noisy crowd exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inept 485
Of war, with mean attempt; while he, intent
(So Anna's will ordains,) to expedite
His military charge, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell: but when, return'd,
Consume Peace shall rear her cheerful head;
Then shall his Churchill, in sublimer verse,
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a Chief to fight, and Bard to sing.

C I D E R;

A POEM;

IN TWO BOOKS.

"Honus erit huic quoque Pomo"

VIRG

BOOK I.

WHAT soil the Apple loves, what care is due
To Orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift Pomona! in Miltonian verse
Advent'rous I presume to sing, of verse
Nor skill'd nor studious; but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme, as yet unsung. 6

Ye Arconian Knights and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these blessings grants,
Attend my lays! nor hence disdain to learn
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art. 10

And thou, O Mourtyn! whose benevolence
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love:
May it a lasting monument remain 15
Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend!

Whoe'er expects his lab'ring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern,—to find a track
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force 25
Noxious to feeble buds, but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs.
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb, 30
Invigorating tender seeds, whose breath
Nurtures the orange and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds: 35
But when the black'ning clouds in sprinkling show'rs
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd
The Orchards smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav'nly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet, 41
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes 45
Pomona's aid in vain. The many fields,
Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
Of beauteous foam produce, pleasing to sight;
But to the tongue unclogous and fine.

So Nature has decreed ; so oft we see 50
 Men passing fair, in outward lineaments,
 Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.
 Nor, from the sable ground, expect success ;
 Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune ;
 The *must* of pallid hue declares the soil 55
 Devoid of spirit : wretched he that quaffs
 Such wheyish liquors ! oft with colic pangs,
 With pungent colic pangs, distress he'll roar,
 And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome
 draught.

But Farmer ! look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
 Grow wavy on the tilth ; that soil select 61
 For Apples ; thence thy industry shall gain
 Tenfold reward , thy garners thence with store
 Surcharg'd shall burst ; thy press with purest juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try 65
 Thy feeble feet, and bind thy falt'ring tongue.
 Such is the Kentchurch ; such, Dantzeyan ground ;
 Such thine, O learned Brome ! and Capel such ;
 Willusian Burlton , much lov'd Geers his Marsh ;
 And Sutton acres, drench'd with regal blood 70
 Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
 Of Mercian Offa he invited came
 To treat of spousals : long connubial joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
 Elfrida's beauty ; but, deluded, dy'd 75
 In height of hopes—Oh hardest fate, to fall
 By shew of friendship and pretended love !
 I nor advise nor reprehend the choice

Of Marclehill ; the Apple no where finds
 A kinder mould : yet 't is unsafe to trust
 Deceitful ground : who knows but that once more
 This mount may journey, and his present site
 Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
 The goodly plants, affording matter strange
 For law debates ? * If therefore thou incline 85
 To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
 Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success ;
 Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld ;
 If a penurious clay should be thy lot ;
 Or rough unwieldy earth ; nor to the plough,
 Nor to the cattle kind ; with sandy stones,
 And gravel o'erabounding ; think it not
 Beneath thy toil :—the sturdy pear-tree, here, 95
 Will rise luxuriant ; and, with longest root,
 Pierce the obstructing gru, and restive marl.

Thus nought is useless made ; nor is there land
 But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
 Affords advantage. On the barren heath 100

* February the 7th, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces ; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and as its passage overthrew a massive chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the village, and the village overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Shropshire, page 49. and Camden's Britannia.

The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant dinner, from the mossy turf,
 Sufficient ; after them the cackling goose,
 Close grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
 What should I more ? Ev'n on the clifly height
 Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hall 106
 Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
 Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
 Gnaw, pendent ; nor untrembling canst thou see
 How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence 110
 Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
 Fearless of rending winds and dashing waves,
 Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Then let thy ground
 Not lie unlabor'd ; if the *richest* stem 115
 Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat that may to human use redound,
 And penury, the worst of ills, remove ?

There are who, fondly studious of increase,
 Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land 120
 Induce laborious, and with fatt'ning muck
 Besmear the roots in vain. The nursing grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth ;
 But when the alien compost is exhaust,
 Its native poverty again prevails. 125

Tho' this art fails, despond not ; little pains,
 In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield
 Th' industrious,—when the sun in Leo rides,
 And darts his salient beams, portending drought,—
 Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry plant 130

To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimetal streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting, else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
The autumnal season, but in summer's pride,
When other Orchards smile, abortive fail. 136

Thus the great light of heav'n, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire, swelt'ring, they run
To grots and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain, 145
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists and vapors damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds and names 150
Unknown,—malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in diff'rent shapes
Depopulates the nation; thousands fall, 155
His victims; youths and virgins in their flow'r
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heav'n destroy'd.

Such beams prevail'd when fair Elina, last

Of Winchcomb's name, (next thee in blood and
worth,

O fairest St. John¹) left this toilsome world 161

In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year :

Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows

Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand

Of death arrest, she with the vulgar fell, 165

Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please, the sun's intemperate force

To know, attend, whilst I of ancient fame

The annals trace, and image to thy mind

How our forefathers, (luckless men¹) ingulft 170

By the wide-vawning earth, to Stygian shades

Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands

Victorious thine our other world subdu'd,

A spacious city stood, with firmest walls 175

Sure moulded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,

Aërial spires and citadels, the seat

Of kings and heroes resolute in war,

Fam'd Ariconium ; uncontroll'd and free,

Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.— 180

Then also, tho' to foreign yoke submit,

She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now

Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art

A pleasing monument, not less admir'd

Than what from Attic or Etruscan hands 185

Arose, had not the heav'nly pow'rs averse

Decreed her final doom ; for now the fields

Labour'd with thine ; Aquarius had not shed

His wonted show'rs : and Sirius parch'd, with heat
Solstitial, the green herb, hence 'gan relax 190
The ground's contexture ; hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm 195
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable : th' infernal winds ull now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells, and their full strength
Collecting from beneath the solid mass 201
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat : old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock her wonted track,
Forsook, and drew her humid train alope, 204
Crankling her banks ; and now the low'ring sky
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress ? whence seek for aid, when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation ? Vain were vows,
And plumes, and suppliant hands, to Heav'n erect !
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden, fabled gods ; 215
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling thro' the streets ; their hideous yells

Rend the dark welkin ; Horror stalks around
Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant, 220
Despair, of abject look : at ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way ; the rocking town 224
Supplants their footsteps , to and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine ; when lo !
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm profound ! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks and all her tribes,
Heroes and senators, down to the realms 230
Of endless Night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds,
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds ; till, all their force
Consum'd, her rav'nous jaws th' earth, satiate,
clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name 255
Survives alone ; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins and mould'ring urns,
And huge unwieldy bones ; lasting remains
Of that gigantic race ; which, as he breaks 240
The clouted glebe, the ploughman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treach'rous track of land
She whilom stood ; now, Ceres in her prime
Smiles fertile ; and, with ruddiest freight, bedeck'd
The Apple-tree, by our forefathers' blood 245
Improv'd ; that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone
But all the wide creation Nature gave 250
Love and aversion.) Everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears ; nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness , but, with am'rous twine,
Clasps the tall Elm. The Pastan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely near the fetid Leek, 255
(Crest of stout Britons,) and ephances thence
The price of her celestial scent. The Gourd
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep 260
Diverse, detesting contact , whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close neighbouring. Th' Herefordian Plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Beach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes 265
T' approach the Quince, and th' Alder's pithy stem ;
Uncasy, scared by funereal Yew,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All gen'rous frusta,) or near the bitter dew
Of Cherries : therefore weigh the habits well 270
Of plants , how they associate best ; nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful grass.
Wouldst thou thy vats with gen'rous juice should
froth ?
Respect thy Orchards ; think not that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed ; from parent bough 275

A scion meetly sever ; after, force
A way into the crabstock's closewrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig ; nor overauce, 280
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay : ere long their diff'ring veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil : now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth ; now, shake the teeming
trunk, 285
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit !
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cider-plants finds passage free,—or else 290
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Thro' th' infixed graft, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet,—whatever be the cause,—
This doubtful progeny, by nicest tastes
Expected, best acceptance finds, and pays 295
Largest revenues to the Orchard lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine

In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloestem, bearing sylvan plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? Howe'er, what
loss
To try the pow'rs of both, and search how far 301
Two diff'rent natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?

Thou'lt find, that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms 305
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoniferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted Plums will alien branches grace,
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns. 311

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of party-color'd fruits that please
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains not wholly bent 316
On what is gainful. Sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts, how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth thro' storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night; then she describes
The Scythian winter; nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cider with, the brake's product wild,
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the arts 326
Of grafting and in-eying, when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best,
From, root or kernel. She will, best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare. By her 330
The diff'rent qualities of things, were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist, 333

Mounts on the wings of air. To her we owe
 The Indian weed * unknown to ancient times ;
 Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
 Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
 The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;
 Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland
 It gently mitigates ; companion fit 340
 Of pleasantry and wine ; nor to the bards
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
 Warble melodious their well-labor'd songs.
 She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
 Enlarges to ten millions of degrees 345
 The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
 Least animal ; and shews what laws of life
 The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how,
 Fabric their mansions in harden'd milk,
 Wonderful artists ! But the hidden ways
 Of Nature wouldst thou know, how first she frames
 All things in miniature ? thy specular orb
 Apply to well-dissected kernels : lo !
 Strange forms arise ; in each, a little plant 354
 Unfolds its boughs. Observe the slender threads
 Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
 In narrow seeds describ'd, thou'lt wondering say
 An ismate Orchard ev'ry Apple boasts.
 Thus all things by Experience are display'd ;
 And most, improv'd. Then sedulously thank 360
 To meliorate thy stock ; no way or rule
 Be unassay'd ; prevent the morning-sun

* Tobacco.

Assiduous, nor, with the western sun,
Surcease to work. Lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the livelong day 365
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse; nor at shut of eve
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thou I may counsel right; and oft this care 370
Disturbs me slumb'ring. Wilt thou, then, repine
To labor for thyself; and rather chuse
To lie supinely; hoping Heav'n will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread, unearn'd?
 'Twill profit,—when the stork, sworn foe of
 snakes,
Returns,—to shew compassion to thy plants 376
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife,
Well sharpen'd, now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables; and their thirsty limbs
Discover; for the genial moisture, due 380
To Apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs,—and, for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.
 When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise 385
Spare not the little offsprings if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters, thin
By kind avulsion; else the starv'ling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul, 390
Too late, shall weep, and curse his thirsty hand,

That would not timely ease the pond'rous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gard'ning; how to scare nocturnal thieves;
And how, the little race of birds, that hop 395
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit,
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the tim'rous flock with swiftest wing
Scud thro' the air; their fancy represents 401
His mortal talons, and his rav'nous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade 405
Thy firm enclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine; forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff; bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence. 410

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies, 415
With morning and with ev'ning hand, to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labor, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbeck draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood. 420

Myriads of wasps now also clust'ring hang,

And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food ; tho' oft repuls'd, again
They rally undismay'd : but fraud, with ease,
Ensnares the noisome swarms : let ev'ry bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs 426
Of Moyle or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice ;
They, by th' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane. Joyful, thou'lt see 430
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects ; that, with fruitless toil,
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound ; till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls. Such doom
Waits luxury and lawless love of gain ! 436

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail. Damp airs
And rainy winter to the centre pierce
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay 440
The proper relish vitiate ; then the grub,
Oft unobserv'd, invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant ! and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless ; meanwhile, the Apple's outward form,
Delectable, the witless swain beguiles 446
Till, with a writhen mouth and sparr'ing noise,
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish ; not with less surprise, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass 450
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust

The smiling surface,—whilst the cavern'd ground,
 With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
 In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts 455
 Torn and dismember'd, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eyes to view Alcinous' groves,
 The pride of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
 Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
 To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd;— 460
 The Pippin, burnish't o'er with gold; the Moyle,
 Of sweetest honey'd taste; the fair Pearmain,
 Temper'd, like comeliest nymph, with red and
 white.

Salopian acres flourish with a growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the ~~Orley~~ ~~Orley~~. Be thou first 465
 This Apple to transplant: if to the name
 Its merit answers, nowhere shalt thou find
 A wine more priz'd or laudable of taste.
 Nor does the Eleot least deserve thy care;
 Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, entrencht
 With many a furrow, aptly represents 471
 Decrepid age; nor that from Harvey nam'd,
 Quick-relishing. Why should we sing the Thrift,
 Codling or Pomeroy, or of pimpled coat
 The Russet, or the Cat's-head's weighty orb, 475
 Enormous in its growth—for various use
 Tho' these are meet; tho' after full repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich desert?

What tho' the Pear-tree rival not the worth
 Of Ariconian produce? yet her freight 480

Is not contentm'd ; yet her wide branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life ; the wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar ; her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase, 486
Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause ;
Thrice acceptable bev'rage ! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious
strife. 490

Be it thy choice, when summer's heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy
Quaffing rich liquors ; oh how sweet t' enjoy,
At once, her fruits and hospitable shade ! 494

But how with equal numbers shall we match
The Musk's surpassing worth,—that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring that defies
The vernal nippings and cold syd'ral blasts ? 500
Yet let her to the Redbreast yield, that once
Was of the sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard ; till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget ; 508
Hence styl'd the Scudamorean Plant, whose wine
Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The nobler peer that now transcends our hopes

Inearly worth, (his country's justest pride,) 510
Uninterrupted joy and health entire.

Let ev'ry tree in ev'ry garden own
The Redstreak as supreme, whose pulpy fruit,
With gold irradiate, and vermillion, shines,
Tempting; not fatal, as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant that won 516

Fond Eve, in hapless hour, to taste and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains; ev'n I perceive 520

Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.

Hail, Herefordian Plant! that dost disdain
All other fields! Heav'n's sweetest blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song; 526

And thy choice nectar; on which always waits
Laughter and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.

What should we wish for more? or why in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere and mixt, 531

Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean, when our native glebe

Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts 536

Galic or Latin Grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's tow'ring height?

Nor let the Rhodian nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend

For sov'reignty : Phanæus' self must bow 540
To th' Ariconian vales. And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth ? or, let
The soil lie idle, which with fit manure
Will largest usury repay, alone
Empow'rd to supply what Nature asks 545
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires ?
The meadows here, with batt'ning ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the Grass ; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots. Th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store 550
Of golden Wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo ! on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array :—
Lo ! how the arable, with Barley-grain, 554
Stands thick, o'ersadow'd ; to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect :—these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here to the sight
Apples of price and plenteous sheaves of corn
Of interlac'd occur, and both imbibe 560
Fitting congenial juice ; so rich the soil,
So much does fractuous moisture o'erabound !
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heav'n aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken ; nor, at their feet, the vales 565
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verd'rous pasture ; nor the yellow fields
Gayly interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing ; as when an emerald green, enclos'd

In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires 570
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the sylvan shades and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel, whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard 575
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'ran sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast 580
Their harden'd iron, when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odors? Or the fleece
Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare 584
With Le'm'ster's silken wool? Where shall we
find
Men more undaunted; for their country's weal,
More prodigal of life? In ancient days,
The Roman legions and great Cæsar found
Our fathers no mean foes; and Cressy plains,
And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, confess
What the Salures' vigor unwithstood 591
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Paternal author of great Chandos' stem, 594
High Chandos! that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess and renown,
To his noble offspring. O thrice happy Peer!
That blest with hoary vigor view'st thyself

Fresh blooming in thy gen'rous son ; whose lips,
 Flowing with nervous eloquence exact, 600
 Charm the wise Senate, and attention win
 In deepest councils. Ariconium, pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen Worthy first salutes ;
 Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
 Him hardy Britons bless , his faithful hand 605
 Conveys new courage from afar ; nor more
 The gen'ral's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee, also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
 This country claims ; with pride and joy, to thee
 Thy Alterennis calls , yet she endures, 610
 Patient, thy absence—since thy prudent choice
 Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat,—
 Where Aldrich† reigns, and from his endless store
 Of universal knowledge sull supplies
 His noble care : he gen'rous thoughts instils 615
 Of true nobility, their country's love,
 (Chief end of life,) and forms their ductile minds
 To human virtues : by his Genius led,
 Thou soon, in ev'ry art pre-eminent,
 Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail, highborn Peer ! and thou, great nurse of
 arts 621

And men ; from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
 Hammer and Bromley ! thou, to whom with due
 Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred offspring ; be for ever blest 625
 With like examples, and to future times

* Oxford. † Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church.

Proficuous, such a race of men produce
 As, in the cause of Virtue firm, may fix
 Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods! this vow
 From one the meanest in her numerous train; 630
 Tho' meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse! raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless
 fame,
 To Beaufort! in a long descent deriv'd
 From royal ancestry; of kingly rights
 Faithful asserters:—in him, centring, meet 635
 Their glorious virtues; high desert, from pride
 Disjoin'd; unshaken honor, and contempt
 Of strong allurements. O illustrious Prince!
 O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee
 In her fair list, this happy land enrolls. 640

Who can refuse a tributary verse
 To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
 In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
 Unbarr'd to all, invites a num'rous train 644
 Of daily guests; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
 Revives the feast-rites old; mean-while his care
 Forgets not the afflicted; but, content
 In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise
 That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord!
 To blazon what, tho' hid, will bounteous shine,
 And with thy name to dignify my song. 651

But who is he, that on the winding stream
 Of Yaga first drew vital breath, and now,
 Approv'd, in Anna's secret councils sits,
 Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast

Sollicitous of public good? How large 656
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old or present time! yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill. What praise deserves
His lib'ral hand, that gathers but to give, 660
Preventing suit? O, not-unthankful, Muse!
Him lowly rev'rence that first design'd to hear
Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious
tongues;

Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on ev'ry bark; the wounded plants 665
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes; by their virtues known,
Or skill, in peace, and war. Of softer mould,
The female sex with sweet attractive air
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft 670
That view their matchless forms with transient
glance

Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes. Nor hath
The dædal hap of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence 675
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the yoke
Of life rebate the miseries of age.

And is there found a wretch so base of mind 680
That woman's pow'ful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heav'n? He ill deserves
Or love or pity; friendless, let him see

Uneasy tedious days; despis'd; forlorn;
 As stain of human race; but may the man 685
 That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
 Find equal love; and love's untainted sweets
 Enjoy, with honor! O Ye Gods! might I
 Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
 A fair and modest virgin, that invites 690
 With aspect chaste; forbidding loose desire;
 Tenderly smiling; in whose heav'nly eye,
 Sits purest Love enthron'd; but if the stars
 Malignant these, my better hopes, oppose—
 May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know 695
 Of strictest amity; nor ever want
 A friend, with whom I, mutually, may share
 Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
 Of speech, and offices! May, in my mind,
 Indelible, a grateful sense remain 700
 Of favors undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
 Gladly both rich and low seek aid, most wise
 Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
 Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
 With mild impartial reason,—what returns
 Of thanks are due to thy beneficence, 705
 Freely vouchsaf'd when to the gates of Death
 I tended prone? If thy indulgent care
 Had not preven'd; among unbody'd shades
 I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
 Of Apples perish'd: But, uprais'd by thee, 711
 I tune my pipe afresh; each night and day,
 Thy unexampled goodness to extol

Desirous. But nor night, nor day, suffice 714
 For that great task ; the highly honour'd name
 Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
 Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.—

Let me be grateful ; but let, far from me,
 Be fawning cringe, and false-dissembling look,
 And servile flattery ; that harbour oft 720

In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
 Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws,
 For pageantry and tawdry gewgaws :—some
 Renounce their ares, oppose paternal right
 For rule and pow'r, and others' realms invade 725
 With specious shews of love :—this trait'rous
 wretch

Betrays his sov'reign :—others, destitute
 Of real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,
 By lucre sway'd ; and act the basest things,
 To be styl'd *Honorable*. The honest man, 730
 Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
 To ill-got wealth : rather from door to door,—
 A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd,—he'll rove,
 Than break his pledged faith : nor fear nor hope
 Will shock his steadfast soul : rather, debat'd 735
 Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
 Of sweetest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
 He'll bear the marks of infamy, condemn'd,
 Unpiry'd ; yet his mind, of evil pure,
 Supports him, and intention free from fraud. 740
 If no retinue with obscurer eyes
 Attend him ; if he can't, with purple stain

Ornate and gaudious vestments labour'd o'er with gold,
 Dazzle the crowd and set them all agape ;
 Yet, clad in homely weeds, from Envy's darts 745
 Remote, he lives ; nor knows the nightly pangs
 Of conscience ; nor, with spectres' grisly forms,
 Demons and injur'd souls, at close of day
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds :—
 But (as a child whose inexperience'd age 750
 Nor evil purpose fears nor knows) enjoys
 Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
 When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
 The tardy day, then to his labor hies, 754
 Glad some ; intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy mortals ; and, with curious search,
 Examines all the properties of herbs,
 Fossils, and minerals, that embowell'd earth
 Displays,—if, by his industry, he can
 Benefit human race ; or, else, his thoughts 760
 Are exercis'd with speculations deep
 Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome
 Of temperance, and aught that may improve [rules
 The moral life. Not sedulous to rail ;
 Nor, with envenom'd tongue, to blast the fame
 Of harmless men ; or secret whispers spread 766
 'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
 Studious of virtue, he no life observes
 Except his own :—his own employs his cares,
 Large subject ; that he labours to refine 770
 Daily ; nor of his little stock denies
 But also to Lucretia, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice
 And baits of pompous Rome secure ;—at court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest life ; 775
 And how t' improve his grounds , and how, him-
 self :

Best Poet ! fit exemplar for the tribe
 Of Phœbus , nor less fit, Mæonides,
 Poor eyeless pilgrim !—and, if after these,
 If after these, another I may name ; 780
 Thus, tender Spenser liv'd ; with mean repast
 Content , deprest by penury and pine,—
 In foreign realm : yet not debas'd, his verse
 By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,*
 Oh ! had but he that first ennobled song 785
 With holy rapture, like his Abdiel, been,
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found ;
 Unspit'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
 That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
 And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd. 790
 But ho—however, let the Muse abstain ;
 Not blast his fame from whom she learns to sing
 In much inferior strains, grov'ling beneath
 Th' Olympian hulk, on plains and vales mean,
 Mean follower ! There let her rest-a-while, 795
 Pleas'd with the fragrant walks and cool retreat.

* Milton.

End of the First Book.

C I D E R.

BOOK II.

O HARCOURT! whom th' ingenious love of arts
 Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
 Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
 In Italy's waste realms,—how long must we
 Lament thy absence?—whilst, in sweet sojourn, 5
 Thou view'st the relics of old Rome; or, what
 Unrivall'd authors, by their presence, made
 For ever venerable; rural seats,
 Tibur and Tusculum; or Virgil's urn,
 Green with immortal bays; which haply thou, 10
 Respecting his great name, dost now approach
 With bended knee, and strow with purple flow'rs,—
 Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook,
 This long delay. At length, dear Youth! return,
 Of wit and judgment ripe, in blooming years, 15
 And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace;
 Return, and let thy father's worth excite
 Thirst of pre-eminence. See! how the cause
 Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts,
 With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law! 20
 Mark well his footsteps; and, like him, deserve
 Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
 Mean-while,—altho' the Massic grape delights,

Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian halls
 Temper thy cups,—yet wilt not thou reject 24
 Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
 Now grinds choice Apples, and the British vats
 O'erflow with gen'rous Cider; far remote
 Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends. 30

Thus far of Trees:—the pleasing task remains
 To sing of Wines and Autumns' blest increase.
 Th' effects of art are shewn: yet what avails
 'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy care
 To help thy plants, when the small fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from ill, an oriental blast 36
 Destructive flies, soon as the hind fatigu'd
 Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
 In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys 40
 The wide enclosure: think not vainly now
 To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
 Thus disappointed: if the former years
 Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must 44
 With tasteless water wash thy drouthy throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
 Subvert or check; uncertain all his toil,
 Till hasty Autumn's inhospitable sky, alloy'd
 With gentle colds, miserably confirm
 His ripening labours. Autumn to the fruits 50
 Earth's various lap produces vigorous gives
 Equal, intermingling milky Grain,
 Berries, and sky-dy'd Plums; and what in com.

Rough, or soft rind, or bearded husk, or shell ;
Fat Olive, and Pistachio's fragrant nut, 55
And the Pine's tasteful apple ; Autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes, while English plains
Blush with Pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among 60
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd store
Diffuse Ambrosial steams than Myrrh or Nard
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Bean !
Soft whisp'ring airs, and the lark's morn'g song
Then vpo to musing, and becalm the mind 65
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy
Best portion of the various year ! in which [time !
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought ! But ah !
Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours ! inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous ; forthwith, frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year ; trees of their shrivell'd fruits
Are widow'd ; dreary storms o'er all prevail !
Now, now's the time, ere hazy suns forbid 75
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny : the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor. Now, exhort
Thy hands to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form 80
To the expected grinder ; now prepare
Materials for thy mill,—a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight

Excessive,—and a flexile sallow, entrench'd,
 Rounding, capacious of the juicy hoard. 85
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press
 Long ere the vintage ; but with timely care
 Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
 In vain shouldst seek a strainer to dispart
 The husky, terrene dregs from purer Must. 90

Be cautious next a proper steed to find
 Whose prime is past ; the vir'rous horse disdains
 Such servile labours ; or, if forc'd, forgets
 His past achievements and victorious palms : 94
 Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
 Shall roll th' unwieldy stone ; with sober pace
 He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve
 From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
 Declining not unuseful to his lord. 99

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
 Has drain'd the pulpy mass, regale their swine
 With the dry refuse ; thou, more wise, shalt steep
 Thy hucks in water, and again employ
 The pond'rous engine. Water will imbibe
 The small remains of spirit, and acquire 105
 A vinous flavour ; this the peasants blithe
 Will quaff, and whistle as thy walking team
 They drive, and sing of Fauce's radiant eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou
 now

Reject the Apple-chest, tho' quite exhaust ; 110
 Ev'n now 'twill cherish and improve the roots
 Of sickly plants ; new vigour, hence country !

Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd !

The tender Apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie 116

The prey of worms A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdu'd
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenish'd yearly . he no more 120

Desir'd nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares—
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst 125

His Cider grove : o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate , and, around,
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stripp'd immature . yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars , but, prudent his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tedd'd wreaths
Of tedded grass , and the sun's mellowing beams
Rivall'd with artful bears, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor , by improving time, 134
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But thus I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use , as some,
With wat'ry turnips, have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal ; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense,— 140
Altho' Devona much commends the use
Of strength'ning Vulcan : with their native strength,

Thy wines, sufficient, other aid refuse ;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labor'd drinks.

Nor let thy av'rice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share ; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty. This neglected, fear 150
Signal vengeance, such as overlook
A miser that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due. Relying on himself,
His fields he tended with successful care,
Early and late,—when or unwish'd-for rain 155
Descended ; or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes ; or when, around,
The clouds dropp'd fatness :—in the middle sky,
The dew, suspended, stand, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe. Recording this, 160
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year
To know ; that, by no flau'ring signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide. The various moon,
Prophetic, and attendant stars explain 165
Each rising dawn ; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heav'nly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light usually'd : now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps 170
Treads the crisp earth, ranging thro' fields and
Offensive to the birds ; sulphureous death [glades

Checks their mid flight ; and, heedless while they
strain

Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring, heavy lead
O'ertakes their speed, they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth. 176

The woodcock's early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temp'rate clime,
Foretell a lib'ral harvest. He, of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice 180
Shuns for our equal winters : when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows : O may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain 186
Nutritious ! secret nire lurks within
The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A mod'rate wind : the Orchat loves to wave 190
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads : the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Not will it nothing profit, to observe
The monthly stars, their pow'ful influence 195
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove,
Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor, helpless man might stake
His present thirst, and matter find for soil. 200
Now will the Curintha, now the Rasper, supply

Delicious draughts ; the Quinces now, or Plums
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit,
Are press'd to wines : the Britons squeeze the works
Of sed'lous bees, and, mixing odorous herbs, 205
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient sires.

But if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omniyarious drinks wouldst brew,—
Besides the Orchat, ev'ry hedge and bush 210
Affords assistance ; ev'n afflictive birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flow'rs 216
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures ; gladly they
Will mow the cowslip poaes, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial-wines shalt drain 220
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
Slake craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne ! * whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad and viper from her shore ; 225
More happy ! in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices,) and the roes
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd ; which vides
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress and truly health-giving. 230

* Ireland.

See how the Belge, sedulous and stout,
 With bowls of fatt'ning Mum, or blissful cups
 Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
 Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
 Jocund with frequent rising fumes ! by use 235
 Instructed thus to quell their native phlegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
 Far from the sloping journey of the year,
 Beyond Petsora and Icelandic coasts ; 240
 Where everduring snows, perpetual shades
 Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
 Did not the Arctic track, spontaneous, yield
 A cheering Purple-berry, big with wine 244
 Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
 Spread round a flaming pile of pines ? and oft
 They interlard their native drinks with choice
 Of strongest Brandy ; yet scarce with these aids
 Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
 Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet. 250

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
 Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they
 Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
 Egregious, Rum and Rice's spirit extract :
 For here expos'd to perpendicular rays, 255
 In vain they cover shades and Thracian's gales,
 Pining with equinoctial heat, unless
 The cordial glass perpetual motion keep
 Quick circulating : nor dare they close their eyes
 Void of a bulky charger near their lips, 260

With which in often-interrupted sleep
 Their frying blood compels to irrigate
 Their dry-furr'd tongues,—else, minutely to death
 Obnoxious, dismal death ! th' effect of drought.

More happy they born in Columbus' world,
 Carybbs, and they whom the Cotton plant 266
 With downy-sprouting vests arrays : their woods
 Bow with prodigious nuts that give at once
 Celestial food and nectar ; then, at hand
 The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long, 270
 To vinous spirits added, (heav'nly drink ¹)
 They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
 Intent on laughter : a continual tide
 Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As when
 Against a secret cliff with sudden shock 275
 A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
 Th' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,
 Nor stay nor rest till the wide breach is clos'd ;
 So they (but cheerful) unfatigu'd still move
 The draining sacker, then alone concern'd 280
 When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
 Are frustrate shouldst thou think thy pipes will
 flow

With early Rhipid wine. The hoarded store,
 And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
 Kind strength'ning heat ; twice, winter's panging

There are, that a compounded still drink {cold.
 From diff'rent mixtures,—Woodcock, Pippin,
 Mayh,

Rough Eleot, sweet Pearmain ; the blended streams
 (Each mutually correcting each) create 290
 A pleasurable medley, of ~~of~~ what taste
 Hardly distinguish'd ; as the show'ry arch
 With listed colours gay,—Or, Azure, Gules,
 Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye
 That views the wat'ry braid, with thousand shews
 Of painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell 296
 Or where one colour rises or one fairs.

Some Ciders have, by art or age, unlearn'd
 Their genuine relish ; and of sundry vines
 Assum'd the flavour :—one sort counterfeits 300
 The Spanish product :—*this* to Gauls has seem'd
 The sparkling nectar of Champaign ;—with *that*,
 A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn
 Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd 304
 The gen'rous rummer ;—whilst the owner, pleas'd,
 Laughs inly at his guests thus entertain'd
 With foreign vintage from his cider cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
 Of close-press'd husks is freed, thou must refrain
 Thy thirsty soul ; let not ~~not~~ persuade to broach 310
 Thy thick, unwholesome undigested cades ;
 The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
 Thy muddy bev'rage to screen, and drive,
 Precipitant, the baser, rosy locs. 314

And now thy wine's transparent, purg'd from all
 Its earthy gross ; yet let it feed a-while
 On the fat ~~fat~~ ~~fat~~, let, too soon disjoin'd,
 From sprightly it to sharp or vapid change.

When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube 320
Inflex ; self-taught and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent
Ascending ; then, by downward track convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear. 324
As when a noontide sun, with summer beams,
Darts thro' a cloud, her wat'ry skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber or undrossy gold ;
So and so richly the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also,—when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season,—close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, sp'rit and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint 335
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red ;
From hence a glowing drop, with hollow'd steel,
He takes ; and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere, 340
Or oval ; and fit receptacles forms,
For ev'ry liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient : by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve : the Moyle
And tasteful Pippin in a moon's short year 345
Acquire complete perfection : now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop & delight
Of curious palate ; by fair virgins crav'd.

But harsher fluids diff'rent lengths of time
 Expect : thy flask will slowly mitigate 350
 The Eleot's roughness. ^AStirom, firmest fruit,
 Embottled, long as Priameian Troy
 Withstood the Greeks endures, ere justly mild ;
 Soften'd by age, its youthful vigour gains,
 Fallacious drink ! Ye honest Men ! beware, 355
 Nor trust its smoothness ; the third circling glass
 Suffices virtue : but may hypocrites,
 (That slyly speak one thing, another think,
 Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
 Drink on unwarn'd, till by enchanting cups 360
 Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
 And thro' intemp'rance grow a while sincere !

The farmer's toil is done ; his cadres mature
 Now call for vent ; his lands exhaust permit
 To indulge a while. Now solemn rites he pays
 To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth. 366
 His honest friends, at thirty hour of dusk,
 Come uninvited ; he with bounteous hand
 Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
 Of his own industry ; the well-fraught bowl 370
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
 With quav'ring laugh and rural jests resounds.
 Ease and content, and undissembled love,
 Shine in each face ; the thoughts of labour past
 Increase their joy : as, from recessive cage 376
 When vulture Philomel escapes, her utters
 She varies, and of past imprisonment
 Sweetly complains ; her liberty renew'd,

Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temp'rance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest, but well-bedew'd, repair
Each to his home with unsupplanted feet.
Ere heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise, 385
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk and mod'rate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine; 390
His joys are short and few; yet when he drinks,
His dread returns; the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth; magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the jail expatiates unconfin'd. 395
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debar'd his Grape. The Muses still require
Humid regalement; nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the gen'rous bottle all incline, 400
By parching thirst allur'd. With vehement suns,
When dusky summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign,
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise, 405
Secur'd of sev'rish heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters free,
Beware th' inclement heav'n; now let thy hearth

Crackle with juiceless boughs ; thy ling'ring blood
 Now instigate with th' Apple's pow'ful streams.
 Perpetual show'rs and stormy gusts confine
 The willing ploughman, and December warns
 To annual jollities ; now sportive youth
 Carol incondite rhythms with suiting notes,
 And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy swains 415
 In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
 Mixt with the buxom damsels ; hand in hand
 They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
 Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
 Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer 420
~~But~~ on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
 Steal from unwary lasses ; they, with scorn,
 And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss,
 Mean-while blind British bards with volant touch
 Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
 Provoke to harmless revels : these among, 426
 A subtle artist stands, in * wondrous bag
 That bears imprison'd winds ; (of gentler sort
 Than those which erst Laertes' son enclos'd ;)
 Peaceful they sleep ; but let the tuneful squeeze
 Of lab'ring elbow rouse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
 'Midst these disports forget they not to drench
 Themselves with bellying goblets ; nor when spring
 Returns, can they refuse to usher in 435
 The freshborn year with loud acclaim and store
 Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
 Adorn themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments

Of future harvest. When the Gnosian Crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees 440
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within 444
The golden mean confin'd; beyond there's nought
Of health or pleasure; therefore when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it:—if thou wilt prolong
Dire computation,—forthwith, reason quits 450
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon; nought is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:
Distrust and jealousy to these succeed, 455
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter; round their temples fly 460
The sharp-edg'd fragments; down their batter'd
 checks
Mixt gore and Cider flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irrisuous sleep, 465
Imprudent? Him death's iron sleep oppress,—
Descending castles from his couch; the fall

Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruise'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend 469
The turb'lent mirth of ~~June~~; nor all the kinds
Of maladies that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemp'rance,—joint-racking gout;
Intestine stone; and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the sun with July-heats
Fries the scorch'd soil; and dropsy all afloat, 475
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs' tale
Be here repeated,—how with lust and wine
Inflam'd they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heav'nly Pow'rs that guard
The British Isles! such dire events remove 480
Far from fair Albion; nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups. May we, remote
From the hoarse brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products; and, with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love! 485
Too oft alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And bellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others' rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot how fell destruction rag'd 490
Wide-spreading, when, by Eris' torch incens'd,
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Unumely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell, 494
Compton, and Grenville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief,—but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget how the mad headstrong rout

Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn? 500
Apostate, Atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him who first presum'd to oppose
Omnipotence: alike their crime: th' event
Was not alike: these triumph'd, and in height
Of barb'rous malice and insulting pride 506
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O best of Kings!
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shouldst fall 510
Thus by inglorious hands, in this thy realm;
Supreme, and innocent; adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd?
Yet was the Cider-land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cider-land, obsequious still to thrones, 515
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds; and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of Monarchy: but ah! successful she,
However faithful:—then was no regard 520
Of right or wrong:—and this once happy land,
By homebred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fast revolving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care 525
Secure at home; while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings. Here, nobly, she supports
Justice oppress'd: here her victorious arms

Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone 530
 All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
 Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
 By Nature's wise indulgence; indigent
 Of nothing from without; in one supreme
 Entirely blest; and from beginning time, 535
 Design'd thus happy. But the fond desire
 Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
 Of Kings, and num'rous sceptres introduc'd -
 Destructive of the public weal. For now
 Each potentate,—as wary fear, or strength, 540
 Or emulation urg'd,—his neighbour's bounds
 Invades, and ampler territory seeks
 With ruinous assault:—on ev'ry plain
 Host cop'd with host:—dire was the din of war,
 And ceaseless; or short truce, haply procur'd
 By havoc and dismay, till jealousy 546
 Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace, in vain,
 Sought-for, by martial deeds and conflict stern,
 Till Edgar, grateful, (as to those who pine
 A dismal half-year night, the orient beam 550
 Of Phoebus' lamp,) arose; and, into one,
 Cemented all the long-contending pow'rs;
 Pacific Monarch! then her lovely head
 Concord rear'd high; and, all around, diffus'd 554
 The spirit of love. At ease, the birds new string
 Their silent throats, and taught the woods and vales
 In unceasing rhythms to echo Edgar's name.
 Their gladness smil'd in ev'ry eye; the years
 Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
 Of wise heroic kings,—that by just laws 560

Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North to Jewry's hallow'd plains !
Piously valiant, (like a torrent swell'd 565
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves,
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men,) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew 569
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter found his vig'rous arm;
But th' unbelieving squadrons, turn'd to flight,—
Smote in the rear, and, with dishonest wounds,
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Of call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite 575
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse,

Behold Third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense 580
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array 584
With furious inroad pierce:—the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desp'rate king;—
Twice he arose and join'd the horrid shock:—
The third time, with his wide-expanded wings,
He, fugitive, declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited:—pursu'd, in the sad chase, 590

Ten thousand ignominious fall:—with blood,
The vallies float. Great Edward, thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet, from his loins 595

New authors of dissension spring, from him,
Two branches, that, in hosting, long contend
For sov'reign sway: (and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds?)—But little now avail'd

The ties of friendship:—ev'ry man, as led 600

By inclination or vain hope, repair'd

To either camp and breath'd immortal hate

And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns:

Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,

Careless of duty; and their native grounds 605

Distain, with kindred blood: the twanging bows

Send show'rs of shafts, that on their barbed points

Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see

Barons and peasants on the embattled field,

Slain or half-dead, in one huge ghastly heap 610

Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,

And ejulation,—in the pangs of death

Some call for aid, neglected; some, o'erturn'd

In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,

Trampled by fiery couriers. Horror thus, 615

And wild uproar, and desolation, reign'd,

Unresist'd. Ah! who at length will end

This long pernicious fray? What man has Fate

Reserv'd for this great work? Hail, happy prince!

Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time 620
 Cadwallador foresaw ! thou, thou art he,
 Great Richmond Henry ! that by nuptial rites
 Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
 Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
 Provokes to arms ; or trumpet's clangor shrill 625
 Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood ;
 But joy and pleasure open to the view
 Uninterrupted ! With presaging skull,
 Thou to thy own, unitest Fergus' line,
 By wise alliance. From thee James descends, 630
 Heav'n's chosen fav'rite, first Britannic king ;
 To him, alone, hereditary right
 Gave pow'r supreme : yet still some seeds remain'd
 Of discontent ; two nations under One,
 In laws and interest diverse, still pursu'd 635
 Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
 To fly conjunction ; neither fear nor hope,
 Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
 Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,
 ' LET THERE BE UNION : ' strait, with rev-
 rence due 640

To her command, they willingly unite ;
 One in affection, laws, and government ;
 Indissolubly firm ; from Dubris south,
 To northern Orkades, her long domain.

And now, thus leagu'd by an eternal bond, 645
 What shall retard the Britons' bold design ?
 Or who sustain their force,—in union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the pow'rs combin'd

Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cætharian kings 650
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd,
The British navy, through the ocean vast,
Shall wave her double Cross t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with od'rous spoils 655
Of Araby well-fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl and barbaric gold. Mean-while the swains
Shall, unmolested, reap what Plenty strows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain and timely fruits.
The *elder-year** Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck 660
With ruby-tinctur'd births; whose liquid store,
Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
The natives shall applaud; while, glad, they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath, 664
In other realms. Where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive,—to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe,—Silurian Cider borne,
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the Vine.

* *i. e.* the time of Autumn

ODE

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

I.

O QUI recisæ finibus Indiciis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et sauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos ;

II.

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles :

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum ? prome, reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidesque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri secundo mens avert impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vales
Explicuit venustius alas :

V.

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, ac caneret roas
Et vina, cytharæ Hætruscum
Rite beas equitem sub entris.

VI.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
 Affluxit illi; sæpe libet cadum
 Jactet Falernum, sæpe Cæsar
 Munera, lætitiæque teste.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
 Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
 Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

VIII.

Pertentat, ut tèque et tua munera
 Gratus recordor, mercurialium
 Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
 Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
 Receptus ægrè spiritus, illa
 Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
 Tusus agens sine more pectus.

X.

Ah! petito quatit anhelitu;
 Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
 Distillet in venas, tunque
 Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

XI.

Hanc samo, parcis et tibi poculis
 Libo salutem; quin pascor, optima
 Ut usque quæjux sospitem,
 Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te consulentem militæ super
 Rebus togatum Macte! tori decus,
 Formosa cui Francisca cessit
 Crine placens, niveoque collo!

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
 O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet!*

Tu sorte felix, me Maria
 Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
 Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
 Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
 Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutæ
 Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
 Suspiro; nec jam vina sonanos
 Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

* Dr. Johnson conjectures, with much probability, that there is an error in all the printed copies, and that the Author wrote,

*Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
 Ornat, labellis cui Venus insidet!*

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706*

I.

O THOU, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb † prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and ey'ry anxious care;
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I suck new life into my soul.

II.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain;
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize
From Lethian suns and nearer skies:

III.

O! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what off'rings shall I bring?
Since I can spare and thou approve
No other gift, O hear me sing!

* This ode was translated from the preceding by the Rev.
Thomas Newcomb, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

† Tobacco.

In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,
I stretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's sweet swain did whilom fly;
And, soaring, left the clouds below;
The Muse invoking to endue
With strength his pinions, as he flew :

V.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praises;
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chuse, the subject of his lays,
The blushing grape, or blooming rose;
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
Mecænas listens while he sings :

VI.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast
His Muse or music to inspire,
Tho' all Falernum's purple coast
Flow'd, in each glass, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to smile
The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

VII.

Mecænas deign'd to hear his songs,
His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more belov'd :

Oh ! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

ÆVIII.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
As I my grateful homage bring ;
And, last in Phœbus' humble train,
The first and brightest genius sing ;
The Muses' fav'rite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the same they give.

IX.

But oh ! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love, to speak thy praise ;
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays ;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

X.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
That feebly strives thy worth to sing,
And would be hush'd, and lost in death,
Did not thy care kind succours bring.
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
And call new life in ev'ry vein.

XI.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine ;
No chance the tender joy remove
While she can please and thou canst love.

XII.

Thus while by you the British arms
 Triumphs and distant fame pursue ;
 The yielding fair resigns her charms,
 And gives you leave to conquer too :
 Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
 And all the nymph, become your prize.

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles !
 Upon her lips what sweetness dwells !
 Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
 Nor Venus' self so much excels.
 What diff'rent-fates our passions share,
 While you enjoy, and I despair !

XIV.

Maria's * form as I survey,
 Her smiles a thousand wounds impart ;
 Each feature steals my soul away,
 Each glance deprives me of my heart ;
 And, chasing thence each other Fair,
 Leaves her own image only there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
 And, sighing, hopes no kind return ;
 Yet for the lov'd, relentless Fair
 By night I wake, by day I burn ;
 Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
 Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.

* Miss Meers, daughter of the Principal of Hennes Ness College, Union.

CEREALIA. *

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria.
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.

PETRONIUS

OF English tippie, and the potent grain,
Which, in the conclave of Celestial Pow'rs,
Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heav'nly stem !
Who, on the hoary top of Penmanmaur,
Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he sat
With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates' Divan.
Full of thy pow'r, infus'd by nappy Ale,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
In their obscure sojourn o'er heav'n's high cope ;
Nor ceas'd ull the gray dawn, with orient dew,
Impearl'd his large mustachoes, deep enconce'd
Beneath his overshadowing orb of hat,
And ample space of elephantine nose ;
Scornful of keenest polar winds, or sleek 15

* This poem is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of Archbishop Tenison. It was published by T. Bennet, the bookseller for whom "Milenheim" was printed; forming, with the preceding circumstances, a strong presumptive proof of its being by the same author.

Or hail sent rattling down from wintry Jove :
 (Vain efforts on his sev'nfold mantle, made
 Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof !—)
 Such energy of soul to raise the song—
 Deign, Goddess ! now to me ; nor then withdraw
 Thy sure presiding pow'r, but guide my wing,
 Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight :

Now—from th' ensanguin'd Ister's rocking flood,
 Tardy, with many a corse of Boian knight,
 And Gallic, deep ingulf'd—with barbed steeds 25
 Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
 Shearing th' expanse of heav'n with active plume ;
 Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top,
 The stanch Gerfalcon thro' the baxom air
 Stoops on the steerage of his wings to truss 30
 The quarry, bern or mallard, newly sprung
 From creek ; whence bright Sabrina, bubbling forth,
 Runs fast, a Nais, thro' the flow'ry meads,
 To spread round Uriconium's tow'rs her streams.
 Her golden trump the goddess sounded thrice, 35
 Whose shrilling clang reach'd heav'n's extremest
 sphere.

Rous'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed,
 To learn the tidings came : on radiant thrones,
 With fair memorials and impressive quaint
 Emblazon'd o'er, they sat ; deriv'd at old 40
 By Mulciber ; nor small his skill I deem.
 There she relates what Churchill's arm'd hand wrought
 On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Buteham rose,
 By his plump cheek and barrel-belly known ;

The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine 45
 Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd ;
 And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
 The ensigns of the god. With ardent tone
 He mov'd that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow,
 Devote to Churchill's health ; and o'er all heav'n
 Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
 Till all were sat'd with immortal Must,
 Delicious tupples that in heav'nly veins,
 Assimilated, vig'rous ichor bred ;
 Superior to Frontinac, or Bourdeaux, 55
 Or old Falern, Campania's best increase,
 Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
 From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on ev'ry face, and pleasing glee
 Inward assent discover'd ; till uprose 60
 Ceres, not blithe ; for marks of latent woe
 Dim on her visage sour'd ; such her deport,
 When Arethusa, from her reedy bed,
 Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
 To sway his iron sceptre, and command 65
 In gloom Tartareous half his wide domain.
 Then, sighing, thus she said—" Have I so long
 " Employ'd my various art to enrich the lap
 " Of Earth, all-bearing mother ; and my lore
 " Commended to th' unsweeting kind, 70
 " And shall not this pre-eminence obtain ?"
 Then, from beneath her Tyrian vest, she took
 The beaded ears of grain she most admir'd ;
 Which gods call Ceres ; in terrestrial speech,

Ycleped Barley. " 'Tis to this," she cry'd, 75

" The British cohorts owe their martial fame

" And far redoubted prowess, matchless Youth!

" Thus, when returning from the foughten field,

" Or Norick or Iberian, seam'd with scars,

" (Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!) 80

" The veteran, carousing, soon restores

" Puissance to his arms, and strung his nerves.

" And as a snake, when first the rosy Hours

" Shed vernal sweets o'er ev'ry vale and field,

" Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank,—

" But, when by genial rays of summer sun

" Purg'd of his slough, he mambler thrids the

" brake,

" Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears

" Terrific,—from each eye, rector, he shoots

" Ensanguin'd rays,—the distant swains admire 90

" His various neck and spurs bedropt with gold;—

" So, as each glass, the harass'd warrior feels

" Vigour reate; his horned arms he takes

" And rusting falchion, on whose ample hilt

" Long Victory sat dormant; soon she shakes

" Her dewy wings, and follows to the war 96

" With speed unctinct; where soon his martial

" port

" She recognises,—whilst he, hanging, stands

" On the rough edge of battle, and surveys

" Wide torment on the serry'd field, 100

" Frequent in bold emprise, to work the rout

" And havoc dire; these the bold Britons show,

- " Dauntless as deities exempt from fate,
 " Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold
 " Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed:—
 " Such is the pow'r of Ale. With vines em-
 " bower'd,
 " While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip,
 " Sullen he sits, and, sighing, oft extols
 " The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
 " Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn 110
 " Adorn'd with waving Chrithe, (joyous scenes
 " Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell;
 " Nor feel th' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs;
 " Not curse th' inclement air, whose horrid face
 " Snows like that Arctic heav'n, that drizzling
 " sheds
 " Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts 116
 " Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
 " Where the young tempests first are taught to
 " roar.
 " Snug in their straw-built huts, or, darkling,
 earth'd
 " In cavern'd rock, they live; (small need of art
 " To form spruce architrave of cornice quaint
 " On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
 " Prepar'd)—There on well-fuel'd hearth they
 " chat,
 " Whilst black-pots walk the round with laughing

 " Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour, 125
 " When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale,

- " Or in October turn'd, and mellow grown
 " With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
 " Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
 " Nor wants,—on vast circumference of board,
 " Of Arthur's imitative—large sirloin
 " Of ox, or virgin heifer, wont to browse
 " The meads of Longovicum. Fatt'ning soil,
 " Replete with clover-grass and foodful shrub,
 " Planted with sprigs of rosemary, it stands; 135
 " Meet paragon (as far as great with smelt
 " May correspond) for some Panchæan bill,
 " Embrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with palm,
 " And olive rarely interspers'd; whose shade
 " Screens, hospitably, from the Tropic Clime, 140
 " The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan; that waits,
 " Insidious, some rich caravan which fares,
 " To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full-fraught.
 " Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
 " Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
 " Blest by my boon; which, when they slightly
 " prize, 146
 " Should they with high defence of triple brass
 " Wide-circling live immur'd, (as erst was try'd
 " By Bacon's charms, on which the sick'ning moon
 " Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent
 " horns, 150
 " Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest,)
 " Thrice the prevailing pow'r of Gull's arms
 " Should there resistless ravage; as, of old,
 " Great Pharaoh, the founder of her fame, 154

- " Was wont ; when first his marshall'd peerage pass'd
 " The subject Rhine. What tho' Britannia boasts
 " Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd ?
 " 'Tis Ale that warms her sons t' assert her claim,
 " And with full volley makes her naval tubes
 " Thunder disastrous doom t' opponent pow'rs.
 " Nor potent only to enkindle Mars 161
 " And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls ;
 " It science can encourage, and excite
 " The mind to ditties blithe and charming-song.
 " Thou Pallas ! to my speech just witness bear :
 " How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld 166
 " At Gambo merry-met, and hymning shrill
 " With voice harmonick each ; whilst others frisk
 " In mazy dance, or Cestian gambols shew ;
 " Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim 170
 " Christheim's nectar crown'd the lordly bowl !
 " (Equal to Nestor's pond'rous cup, which ask'd
 " A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
 " Ere he th' embattled Pythons led, to quell
 " The pride of Dardan youth in boasting dire!)—
 " Or, if, with front unblest, came tow'ring in 176
 " Proctor omnipotent, in stern deport
 " Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
 " His scimitar with huge two-handed sway ;
 " Alarm'd with threat'ning accents, harsher far 180
 " Than that ill-omen'd sound, the bird of night,
 " With beak uncannily bent, from dapper'd oak,
 " Swarms out, the sick man's trump of doleful
 " doom ;

" Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van
 " That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size, 185
 " And with their ruby'd faces stand the foe ;
 " Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
 " And run with ears erect ; as the tall stag,
 " Unharbour'd by the woodman, quits his lair,
 " And flies the yearning pack which close pursue ;
 " So they, not bowsy, dread th' approaching foe ;
 " They run ; they fly ; till, flying on obscure,
 " Night-founder'd in town ditches, stagnate gurge,
 " Soph rows on soph promiscuous—Caps aloof
 " Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly, 195
 " The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
 " By Thracia's conjutant, and the roar
 " Of loud Euroclydon's tempestuous gusts."

She said : the sire of gods and men, supreme,
 With aspect bland, attentive audience gave ; 200
 Then nodded awful : from his shaven locks
 Ambrosial fragrance flew : the signal giv'n,
 By Ganymede the signal soon was kenn'd ;
 With Ale he heav'n's capacious goblet crown'd ;
 To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre ; 205
 The Muses sang alternate ; all carous'd ;
 But Bacchus, marm'ring, left th' assembled pow'rs

THE
FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN

O r wasteful havock and destructive fate
I sing the tragic scene ; a mournful tale !
Yet call no slaught'ring hero to my aid,
To strew my bloodless verse with mangled ~~sides~~ ;
A torrent spilt, but not of human gore ;
Ruin ~~de~~form'd, but not of man erect.

O help'n-born Muse ! (for Muse I must invoke,
Or mistress fair, for fashion or for speed ;)
Deign to describe the memorable Fall
Of Chloe's Jordan ; so by mortals nam'd
The vessel was, how'er uncouth the sound,
But veil'd by modest maids in gentler terms :
Like Rome, the mistress of the world, it fell,
From its own greatness, only, not secure,

Say, first, what colors stain'd its vaulted
sides, —

Least harmless bards mistake th' important truth,
And speak as fancy leads or rhyme directs, —
And be that terms it white as silver swans,
And spotless innocence, and new-fall's snow

THE FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN

That spreads its plumes on Atlas' bleaky head,
 Shall suffer blemish in the wrong compare.
 Another, hum'rous, sports and jeers its hue,
 Earthly and coarse, of substance indigest.
 How oft are men, by devious error, led
 To wander various, wide alike from truth !
 A sickly pale languish'd on th' inner sound,
 Such as betrays the want of love-sick maids,
 Foe to the rosy cheek and coral lip,
 But flies the luscious touch of warmer man,
 And beauty reassumes its native seat.
 Smooth were its sides, but from the bottom rose
 A manly head emboss'd, for hero meant,
 No question, fam'd for arms and antique stem.
 Such honours the well-meaning vulgar give
 To fame of gallant men, and waste their skill,
 On high-hung signs, and worth of homely hue.
 What blushes did the virile image cost
 The harmless maid ! fearful, lest so employ'd.
 The am'rous stone should soften into life,
 As erst Pygmalion's marble mistress chang'd
 Her Parian substance, by less motive sway'd.
 Without, the cerulean dye bestrew'd the urn ;
 And, on the swelling surface, Floer's pride,
 The lily and the gaudy tulip, smil'd ;
 Fed with the busy nectar it contain'd.
 One handle held the vessel, arch'd and smooth,
 But for its weighty office far unfit :
 Here, weakness lack'd, in comely form

THE FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN.

Hence the sad source and root of all our woe :
 Imprudent man, too often, trusts his fate
 To one smooth friend ; who shrinks, when nearly
 The unsuspecting fair one never fail'd, [try'd.
 At morn and eve to dew its spacious womb ;
 At morn her first, at eve her latest act.
 How often has it flow'd with maiden streams,
 Fam'd for rare virtues, and but seldom found ?
 'Twas with this magic stream Diana spread
 The branchy horns on bold Acteon's brow ;
 The well, e'er since, a secret pow'r retains,
 On human foreheads antlers to convey.
 'Twas now the heavy period fix'd by Fate
 Hasten'd apace, with evil mischief fraught.
 'Tis true no comet stream'd terrific blaze ;
 Nor thunder-crack, sinistrous, roar'd aloud ;
 Not but a crazy sound gave certain proof
 Of hidden crack, foreboding wider wounds,
 Yet 'scap'd suspicion. Foresight ever fails
 When unavoided ruin is decreed.
 The feeble Sun, array'd with lifeless flames,
 Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his car,
 Extinguish'd, heavy, half the tour of heaven ;
 And winter, keen of breath, blew shiv'ring cold
 Around the globe, and hid the voluble streams :—
 Some to the chimney's warm protection fly,
 And fright the sooty earth, with sooty sky
 Of nocturnal, or advent'rous laughter,
 Some in defiance to th' inclement air,

Fir'd with the juicy flame of old Falern.
 Amidst a jovial crew, fair Chloe quaff'd
 With loud carouse, till sated nature crav'd
 Timely relax, distent with liquid pain.
 Alone, she lifts the Jordan to her aid ;
 And strait a hideous din 'gan roar aloud ;
 Wave dash'd on wave, deluge on deluge roll'd ;
 And curl'd the circling eddy, to the brim ;
 Whole cataracts, at once discharg'd, fell down
 With violent gush : and drove the deep cascade ;—
 Till, weary of its load, the lab'ring urn
 Flew from its hold : a horrid burst ensues ;
 And mangled limbs bestrew the bruised floor :
 Not louder roars the three-edg'd bolt of heaven,
 When form'd by Vulcan, or when thrown by Jove.
 Forth, from the hideous shreds, a tepid sea
 Rolls angry foam, and smokes along the plain :
 Part of the stream, with slow and silent pace,
 Sunk, unobserv'd, in narrow crannies lost ;
 Part murmurs, crowding, at the portal wide
 Which opens the mazy way, that winding leads
 To th' ancient race of earth—protected mice ;
 The race exiguous, unmur'd to wet,
 Their mansions quit, and other countries seek.

Thus fell the Jordan, that had long withstood,
 Firm and resolv'd, the shock of mighty waves—
 Which ~~lost~~ ^{lost} their strength and dash'd her shores in
~~vain~~

120 THE FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN.

'Till at th' approach of one impetuous tide
Fate took th' occasion, and confirm'd its doom.

So the fam'd Eddystone near Plymouth Fort
(Sure mark to wand'ring ships and lost at night)
Contemn'd the billows tumbling round its sides,
And mock'd their sports—till on a fatal night
The wind blew loud, th' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plung'd the Pharos in the vast abyss.

BACCHANALIAN SONG*.

I.

COME, fill me a glass, fill it high;
 A bumper, a bumper, I'll have :
 He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch
 Tho' I drink myself into my grave.

II.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
 Who like me will never give o'er,
 Whom no danger controls, but will take off their
 And merrily stickle for more. {bowls,

III.

Drown Reason, and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command;
 Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glass idly stand?

IV.

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
 Made use of by tools who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to politic thinking.

* This Song is printed in the fourth volume of Nichols's Collection, p. 281, under the opinion of its being the composition of Philips, as expressed in a Note.

V.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command; the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

VI.

Come, my Lads! move the glass; drink about;
We'll drink the universe dry;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out:
If once we grow sober, we die.

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THE
POEMS
OF
EDMUND SMITH.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

THE LIFE
OF
EDMUND SMITH;

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

EDMUND SMITH is one of those lucky writers we have, without much labor, attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities.

Of his life little is known; and that little claims no praise but what can be given to intellectual excellence, seldom employed to any virtuous purpose. His character, as given by Mr. Oldisworth, with all the partiality of friendship, which is said by Dr. Burton to show "what fine things are than "of parts can say of another," and which, however, comprises great part of what can be known of Mr. Smith, it is better to transcribe it whole than to take by pieces. I shall subjoin such little memorials as accident has enabled me to collect.

Mr. EDMUND SMITH was the only son of an eminent merchant, one Mr. Nolle, by a

of the famous Baron Lechmere. Some misfortunes of his father, which were soon followed by his death, were the occasion of the son's being left very young in the hands of a near relation (one who married Mr. Neale's sister), whose name was Smith.

This gentlemen and his lady treated him as their own child, and put him to Westminster-school under the care of Dr. Busby; whence, after the loss of his faithful and generous guardian (whose name he assumed and retained), he was removed to Christ-church in Oxford, and there by his aunt handsomely maintained till her death; after which he continued a member of that learned and ingenious society till within five years of his own; though, sometime before his leaving Christ-church, he was sent for by his mother to Worcester, and owned and acknowledged as her legitimate son; which had not been mentioned, but to wipe off the aspersions that were ignorantly cast by some on his birth. It is to be remembered, for our author's honor, that, when at Westminster election he stood a candidate for one of the universities, he so signally distinguished himself by his conspicuous performance, that there arose no small contention, between the representative electors of Trinity-college in Cambridge and Christ-church in Oxon, which of those two royal societies should adopt him as their own. But the electors of Trinity-college having the preference of choice that year,

they resolutely elected him; who yet, being invited at the same time to Christ-church, chose to accept of a studentship there. Mr. Smith's perfections, as well natural as acquired, seem to have been formed upon Horace's plan; who says, in his Art of Poetry,

" — Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,

" Nec rursus quid prosit video ingenium : alterius sit

" Altera poscit opem res, et conjuret amicos."

He was endowed by Nature with all those excellent and necessary qualifications which are previous to the accomplishment of a great man. His memory was large and tenacious, yet by a *curious felicity* chiefly susceptible of the finest impressions it received from the best authors he read, which it always preserved in their primitive strength and amiable order.

He had a quickness of apprehension, and vivacity of understanding, which easily took in and surmounted the most subtle and knotty parts of mathematics, and metaphysics. His wit was prompt and flowing, yet solid and piercing; his taste, delicate; his head, clear; and his way of expressing his thoughts, perspicuous and engaging. I shall say nothing of his person, which yet was so well turned, that no neglect of himself in his dress could render it disagreeable; inasmuch that the fair sex, who observed and esteemed him, at once commended and reproved him by the name of the

handsome sloven. An eager, but generous and noble emulation grew up with him; which (as it were a rational sort of instinct) pushed him upon striving to excel in every art and science that could make him a credit to his college; and, that college the ornament of the most learned and polite university; and it was his happiness to have several contemporaries and fellow-students who exercised and excited this virtue in themselves and others, thereby becoming so deservedly in favor with this age, and so good a proof of his nice discernment. His judgment, naturally good, soon ripened into an exquisite fineness and distinguishing sagacity, which as it was active and busy, so it was vigorous and manly, keeping even paces with a rich and strong imagination, always upon the wing, and never tired with aspiring. Hence it was, that, though he writ as young as Cowley, he had no puerilities; and his earliest productions were so far from having any thing in them mean and trifling, that, like the junior compositions of Mr. Stepney, they may make many authors blush. There are many of his first essays in oratory, in epigram, elegy, and epic, still ~~about~~ about the university in manuscript, which shew a masterly hand; and, though maimed and injured by frequent transcribing, make their way into our most celebrated miscellanies, where they shine with uncommon lustre. Besides those verses in the Oxford books, which he could not help putting his name to, several of his composi-

nions came abroad under other names, which his own singular modesty, and faithful silence, would in vain to conceal. The *Encania* and public Collections of the University upon State Subjects were never in such esteem, either for elegy and * congratulation, as when he contributed most largely to them; and it was natural for those who knew his peculiar way of writing, to turn to his share in the work, as by far the most relishing part of the entertainment. As his parts were extraordinary, so he well knew how to improve them; and not only to polish the diamond; but enchase it in the most solid and durable metal. Though he was an academic the greatest part of his life, yet he contracted no sourness of temper, no spice of pedantry, no itch of disputation, or obstinate contention for the old or new philosophy, no assuming way of dictating to others; which are faults (though excusable) which some are insensibly led into, who are constrained to dwell long within the walls of a private college. His conversation was pleasant and instructive; and what Horace said of Plotius, Varius, and Virgil, might justly be applied to him:

" Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico,"

Est. v. 1st.

As correct a writer as he was in his most ab-

He read the works of others with candour, and reserved his greatest severity for his own compositions ; being readier to cherish and advance, than damp or depress a rising genius, and as patient of being excelled himself (if any could excel him) as industrious to excel others.

It were to be wished he had confined himself to a particular profession, who was capable of ~~satisfying~~ in any ; but in this, his want of application was in a great measure owing to his want of ~~de~~ encouragement.

He passed through the exercises of the college and university with unusual applause ; and though he often suffered his friends to call him off from his retirements, and to lengthen out those jovial avocations ; yet his return to his studies were so much the more passionate, and his intention upon those refined pleasures of reading and thinking so vehement ; (to which his facetious and unbending intervals bore no proportion ;) that the habit grew upon him ; and the series of meditation and reflection being kept up whole weeks together, he could better sort his ideas, and take in the sundry parts of the science at one view, without interruption or confusion. Some indeed of his acquaintance, who were pleased to distinguish between the wit and the scholar, extolled him altogether on the account of those titles ; but others, who knew him better, could not forbear doing him justice as a prodigy in both kinds. He had signal-

ized himself in the schools, as a philosopher and polemic of extensive knowledge and deep penetration, and went through all the courses with a wise regard to the dignity and importance of each science. I remember him in the Divinity-school, responding and disputing with a perspicuous energy, a ready exactness, and commanding force of argument, when Dr. Jane worthily presided in the chair; whose condescending and disinterested commendation of him gave him such a reputation as silenced the envious malice of his enemies, who durst not contradict the approbation of so profound a master in theology. None of those self-sufficient creatures, who have either trifled with philosophy, by attempting to ridicule it, or have encumbered it with novel terms, and burdensome explanations, understood its real weight and purity half so well as Mr. Smith. He was too discerning, to allow of the character of "unprofitable, rugged, and abstruse," which some superficial sciolists, (so very smooth and polite as to admit of no impression,) either out of an unthinking indolence, or an ill grounded prejudice, had affixed to this sort of studies. He knew the thorny terms of philosophy served well to fence-in the true doctrines of religion; and looked upon school divinity, as upon a rough but well-arranged army.

* The Editor would have written.

which might, at once, adorn and defend the Christian hero and equip him for the combat.

Mr. Smith had a long and perfect intimacy with all the Greek and Latin classics; with whom he had carefully compared whatever was worth perusing in the French, Spanish, and Italian, (to which languages he was no stranger,) and in all the celebrated writers of his own country. But then, according to the curious observation of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, he kept the poet in awe by regular criticism; and, as it were, married the two arts for their mutual support and improvement. There was not a tract, of credit, upon that subject, which he had not diligently examined, from Aristotle down to Hedelin and Bossu; so that, having each rule constantly before him, he could carry the art through every poem, and at once point out the graces and deformities. By this means, he seemed to read with a design to correct, as well as imitate.

Being thus prepared, he could not but taste every little delicacy that was set before him; though it was impossible for him at the same time to be fed and nourished with any thing but what was substantial and lasting. He considered the ancients and moderns not as parties or rivals for fame, but as architects upon one and the same plan, the Art of Poetry; according to which he judged, approved, and blamed, without flattery or detraction. If he

did not alway commend the compositions of others it was not ill-nature, (which was not in his temper,) but strict justice would not let him call a few flowers set in ranks, a glib measure and so many couplets, by the name of poetry: he was of Ben Jonson's opinion, who could not admire

— Verses as smooth and soft as cream,
In which there was neither depth nor stream.

And, therefore, though his want of complaisance for some men's overbearing vanity made him enemies, yet the better part of mankind were obliged by the freedom of his reflections.

His Bodleian Speech, though taken from a remote and imperfect copy, hath shewn the world how great a master he was of the Ciceronian eloquence, mixed with the conciseness and force of Demosthenes, the elegant and moving turns of Pliny, and the acute and wise reflections of Tacitus.

Since Temple and Roscommon, no man understood Horace better, especially as to his happy diction, rolling numbers, beautiful imagery, and alternate mixture of the soft and the sublime. This endeared Dr. Haines's odes to him, the finest genius for Latin lyric since the Augustan age. His friend Mr. Phillips's ode to Mr. St. John, (late Lord Bolingbroke,) after the manner of Horace's *Lovery* or *Amatory* Odes, is certainly a masterpiece: but Mr. Smith's *Pocock* is of the sub-

limer kind; though, like Waller's writings upon Oliver Cromwell, it wants not the most delicate and surprising turns peculiar to the person praised. I do not remember to have seen any thing like it in Dr. Bathurst, who had made some attempts this way with applause. He was an excellent judge of *humanity**; and so good an historian, that, in familiar discourse, he would talk-over the most memorable facts in antiquity, the lives, actions, and characters, of celebrated men, with amazing facility and accuracy. As he had thoroughly read and digested Thuanus's works, so he was able to copy after him; and his talent in this kind was so well known and allowed, that he had been singled out by some great men to write a history; which it was for their interest to have done with the utmost art and dexterity. I shall not mention for what reasons this design was dropped, though they are very much to Mr. Smith's honour. The truth is, and I speak it before living witnesses, whilst an agreeable company could fix him upon a subject of useful literature, nobody shone to greater advantage: he seemed to be that Memmius whom Lucretius speaks of:

—*Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum videristi excellere rebus.*

His works are not many, and those scattered up

* *Humanity*, which has supplanted this equivalent term, is, at present, the appropriate meaning, much to be preferred.

and down in *Miscellanies* and *Collections*, being wrested from him by his friends with great difficulty and reluctance. All of them together make but a small part of that much greater body which lies dispersed in the possession of numerous acquaintance; and cannot perhaps be made intire, without great injustice to him, because few of them had his last hand, and the transcriber was often obliged to take the liberties of a friend. His condolence for the death of Mr. Philips is full of the noblest beauties, and hath done justice to the ashes of that second Milton, whose writings will last as long as the English language, generosity, and valour. For him, Mr. Smith had contracted a perfect friendship; a passion he was most susceptible of, and whose laws he looked upon of sacred and inviolable.

Every subject that passed under his pen had all the life, proportion, and embellishments bestowed on it, which an exquisite skill, a warm imagination, and a cool judgment, possibly could bestow on it. The epic, lyric, elegiac, every sort of poetry he touched upon, (and he had touched upon a great variety,) was raised to its proper height, and the differences between each of them observed with a judicious accuracy. We saw the old rules and new beauties placed in admirable order by each other; and there was a predominant fancy and spirit of his own infused, superior to what some draw off from the Ancients, or from poetries here and there culled

out of the Moderns, by a painful industry and scrupulous imitation. His contrivances were adroit and magnificent; his images, lively and adequate; his sentiments, charming and majestic; his expressions, natural and bold; his numbers, various and sounding; and that ennobled mixture of classical wit, which, without redundance and affectation, sparkled through his writings, and were no less pertinent and agreeable.

His *Phædra* is a consummate tragedy, and the success of it was as great as the most sanguine expectations of his friends could promise or foresee. The number of nights, and the common method of filling the house, are not always the surest marks of judging what encouragement a play meets with: but the generosity of all the persons of a refined taste about town was remarkable on this occasion; and it must not be forgotten how zealously Mr. Addison espoused his interest, with all the elegant judgment and diffusive good-nature for which that accomplished gentleman and author is so justly valued by mankind. But as to *Phædra*, she has certainly made a finer figure under Mr. Smith's conduct, upon the English stage, than either in Rome or Athens; and if she excels the Greek and Latin *Phædra*, I need not say she surpasses the French one, though embellished with whatever regular beauties, soft moving softness, Racine himself could give her.

His own had a juster notion of the difficulty of

composing than Mr. Smith; and he sometimes would create greater difficulties than he had reason to apprehend. Writing with ease, what (as Mr. Wycherley speaks) may be easily written, moved his indignation. When he was writing upon a subject, he would seriously consider what Demosthenes, Homer, Virgil, or Horace, if alive, would say upon that occasion, which whetted him to exceed himself as well as others. Nevertheless, he could not or would not, finish several subjects he undertook; which may be imputed either to the briskness of his fancy, still hunting after new matter, or to an occasional indolence, which spleen and lassitude brought upon him, which, of all his foibles, the world was least inclined to forgive. That this was not owing to conceit or vanity, or a fulness of himself (a frailty which has been imputed to no less men than Shakspeare and Jonson,) is clear from hence; because he left his works to the entire disposal of his friends; whose most rigorous censures he even courted and solicited; submitting to their animadversions, and the freedom they took with them, with an unsteady and prudent resignation.

* I have seen sketches and rough draughts of some poems to be designed, set out analytically; wherein the fable, structure, and connection, the images, incidents, moral, episodes, and a great variety of ornaments, were so finely laid out, so well fitted to the rules of art and adjusted so exactly to

The precedents of the ancients, that I have often looked on these poetical elements with the same concern with which curious men are affected at the sight of the most entertaining remains and ruins of an antique figure or building. Those fragments of the learned, which some men have been so proud of their pains in collecting, are useless rarities without form and without life, when compared with these embryos, which wanted not spirit enough to preserve them; so that I cannot help thinking, that, if some of them were to come abroad, they would be as highly valued by the poets, as the sketches of Julio and Titian are by the painters; though there is nothing in them but a few outlines, as to the design and proportion.

It must be confessed, that Mr. Smith had some defects in his conduct, which those are most apt to remember who could imitate him in nothing else. His freedom with himself, drew severer acknowledgments from him, than all the malice he ever provoked was capable of advancing: and he did not scruple to give to his misfortunes the hard name of faults; but, if the world had half his good-nature, all the shady parts would be entirely struck out of his character.

A man, who, under poverty, calamities, and disappointments, could make so many friends, and those so truly valuable, must have just and noble ideas of the passion of friendship, in the success of

which consisted the greatest, if not the only happiness of his life. He knew very well ~~that~~ ^{that} due to his birth, though Fortune threw him short of it in every other circumstance of life. He avoided making any, though perhaps reasonable, complaints of her dispensations, under which he had honour enough to be easy, without touching the favors she flung in his way, when offered to him at the price of a more durable reputation. He took care to have no dealings with mankind, in which he could not be just; and he desired to be at no other expense in his pretensions than that of intrinsic merit; which was the only burthen and reproach he ever brought upon his friends. He could say, as Horace did of himself, what I never yet saw translated:

“ — Meo sum pauper in ^{re}bre.”

At his coming to town, no man was more surrounded by all those who really had, or pretended to wit; or more courted by the great men, who had then a power and opportunity of encouraging arts and sciences, and gave proofs of their fondness for the name of Patron in many instances, which will ever be remembered to their glory. Mr. Smith's character grew upon his friends by intimacy, and out-went the strongest prepossessions which had been conceived in his favor. Whatever quitted a few sour creatures, whose obscurity is their happiness, may possibly have to the age;

yet amidst a studied neglect, and total disuse of all those ceremonial attendances, fashionable equipments, and external recommendations, which are thought necessary introductions into the *grande monde*, this gentleman was so happy as still to please; and whilst the rich, the gay, the noble, and honourable, saw how much he excelled in wit and learning, they easily forgave him all other differences. Hence it was that both his acquaintance and retirements were his own free choice. What Mr. Prior observes upon a very great character was true of him, *that most of his faults brought their excuse with them*.

Those who blamed him most understood him least; it being the custom of the vulgar to charge an excess upon the most complaisant, and to form a character, by the morals of a few who have sometimes spoiled an hour or two in good company. Where only fortune is wanting to make a great name, that single exception can never pass upon the best judges and most equitable observers of mankind; and when the time comes for the world to spare their pity, we may justly enlarge our demands upon them for their admiration.

Some few years before his death, he had engaged himself in several considerable undertakings; in all which he had prepared the world to expect mighty things from him. I have seen about ten sheets of his *English Pindar*, which exceeded any thing of that kind I could ever hope for in our own lan-

guage. He had drawn out a plan of a tragedy of the *Lady Jane Grey*, and had gone through several scenes of it. But he could not well have bequeathed that work to better hands than where, I hear, it is at present lodged, and the bare mention of two such names may justify the largest expectations, and is sufficient to make the town an agreeable invitation.

His greatest and noblest undertaking was *Longinus*. He had finished an entire translation of the *Sublime*, which he sent to the reverend Mr. Richard Parker, a friend of his, late of Merton College, an exact critic in the Greek tongue, from whom it came to my hands. The French version of Monsieur Boileau, though truly valuable, was far short of it. He proposed a large addition to this work, of notes and observations of his own, with an entire system of the *Art of Poetry*, in three books, under the titles of *Thought*, *Diction*, and *Figure*. I saw the last of these, perfect, and in a fair copy; in which he shewed prodigious judgment and reading; and, particularly, had reformed the *Art of Rhetoric*, by reducing that vast and confused heap of terms, with which a long succession of pedants had encumbered the world, to a very narrow compass, comprehending all that was useful and ornamental in poetry. Under each head and chapter, he intended to make remarks upon all the Ancients and Moderns, the Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish, and Italian

poets, and to note their several beauties and defects.

What remains of his works is left, as I am informed, in the hands of men of worth and judgment, who loved him. It cannot be supposed they would suppress any thing that was his, but out of respect to his memory, and for want of proper hands to finish what so great a genius had begun.

SUCH is the declamation of Oldisworth, written while his admiration was yet fresh, and his kindness warm; and therefore such as, without any criminal purpose of deceiving, shews a strong desire to make the most of all favorable truth. I cannot much commend the performance. The praise is often indistinct, and the sentences are loaded with words of more pomp than use. There is little, however, that can be contradicted, even when a plainer tale comes to be told.

EDMUND NEALE, known by the name of Smith, was born at Handley, the seat of the Lechmeres, in Worcestershire. The year of his birth is uncertain*.

He was educated at Westminster. It is known to have been the practice of Dr. Busby, to detain

* By his epitaph he appears to have been 48 years old when he died. He was consequently born in the year 1608. R.

those youths long at school, of whom he had formed the highest expectations. Smith took his master's degree on the 8th of July 1696: he therefore was probably admitted into the university in 1689 *, when we may suppose him twenty years old.

His reputation for literature in his college was such as has been told, but the indecency and licentiousness of his behaviour drew upon him, Dec. 24, 1694, while he was yet only a Bachelor, a public admonition, entered upon record, in order to his expulsion. Of this reproof the effect is not known. He was probably less notorious. At Oxford, as we all know, much will be forgiven to literary merit; and of that he had exhibited sufficient evidence by his excellent ode on the death of the great Orientalist, Dr. Pocock, who died in 1691, and whose praise must have been written by Smith, when he had been but two years in the university.

This ode, which closed the second volume of the *Musa Anglicana*, though perhaps some objections may be made to its Latinity, is by far the best Lyric composition in that collection; nor do I know where to find it equalled among the modern writers. It expresses, with great felicity, images not classical, in classical diction: its digressions and

* By the date of a Latin poem on the birth of the Prince of Wales, it is decided that he had been admitted in 1689.

returns have been deservedly recommended by Trapp as models for imitation.

He had several imitations from Cowley:

Testatur hinc tot sermo coloribus
Quot tu, Poëocki, dissimilis tui
Orator effers, quot vicissim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.

I will not commend the figure which makes the orator *pronounce the colours*, or give to *colours memory and delight*. I quote it, however, as an imitation of these lines:

So many languages he had in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more.

The simile, by which an old man, retaining the fire of his youth, is compared to *Ætna flaming through the snow*, which Smith has used with great pomp, is stolen from Cowley, however little worth the labour of conveyance.

He proceeded to take his degree of Master of Arts, July 8, 1696. Of the exercises which he performed on that occasion, I have not heard any thing memorable.

As his years advanced, he advanced in reputation: for he continued to cultivate his mind; though he did not amend his irregularities, by which he gave so much offence, that, April 24, 1700, the Dean and Chapter declared "the place of Mr. Smith void," he "having been convicted of riotous behaviour in the house of Mr. Cole,

an

"an apothecary; but it was referred to the Dean when and upon what occasion the sentence should be put in execution."

Thus tenderly was he treated; the governors of his college could hardly keep him, and yet wished that he would not force them to drive him away.

Some time afterwards, he assumed an appearance of decency: in his own phrase, he *whitened* himself, having a desire to obtain the censorship, an office of honour and some profit in the college; but, when the election came, the preference was given to Mr. *Foulkes*, his junior; the same, I suppose, that joined with *Freind* in an edition of part of Demosthenes. The censor is a tutor; and it was not thought proper to trust the superintendence of others to a man who took so little care of himself.

From this time Smith employed his malice and his wit against the Dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he considered as the opponent of his claim. Of his lampoon upon him, I once heard a single line too gross to be repeated.

But he was still a genius and a scholar, and Oxford was unwilling to lose him; he was endured, with all his pranks and his vices, two years longer; but on Dec. 20, 1765, at the instance of all the canons, the sentence declared five years before was put in execution.

The execution was, I believe, silent and tender;

for one of his friends, from whom I learned much of his life, appeared not to know it.

He was now driven to London, where he associated himself with the Whigs, whether because they were in power, or because the Tories had expelled him, or because he was a Whig by principle, may perhaps be doubted. He was, however, caressed by men of great abilities, whatever were their party, and was supported by the liberality of those who delighted in his conversation.

There was once a design, hinted at by Oldisworth, to have made him useful. One evening, as he was sitting with a friend at a tavern, he was called down by the waiter; and, having stood some time below, came up thoughtful. After a pause, said he to his friend, "He that wanted me below was Addison, whose business was to tell me that a History of the Revolution was intended, and to propose that I should undertake it. I said, 'What shall I do with the character of Lord Sunderland?' and Addison immediately returned, 'When, Rag, were you drunk last?' and went away."

Captain Rag was a name which he got at Oxford by his negligence of dress.

This story I heard from the late Mr. Clark of Lincoln's Inn, to whom it was told by the friend of Smith.

Such scruples might debar him from some profitable employments; but as they could not de-

prive him of any real esteem, they left him many friends ; and no man was ever better introduced to the theatre than he, who, in that violent conflict of parties, had a Prologue and an Epilogue from the first wits on either side.

But Learning and Nature will now and then take different courses. His play pleased the critics, and the critics only. It was, as Addison has recorded, hardly heard the third night. Smith had indeed trusted entirely to his merit ; had ensured no band of applauders, nor used any artifice to force success ; and found, that naked excellence was not sufficient for its own support.

The play, however, was bought by Lintot, who advanced the price from fifty guineas, the current rate, to sixty : and Halifax, the general patron, accepted the dedication. Smith's indolence kept him from writing the dedication, till Lintot, after fruitless importunity, gave notice that he would publish the play without it. Now, therefore, it was written ; and Halifax expected the author with his book, and had prepared to reward him with a place of three hundred pounds a year. Smith, by pride, or caprice, or indolence, or bashfulness, neglected to attend him, though doubtless warned and pressed by his friends, and at last missed his reward by not going to solicit it.

Addison has, in the *Spectator*, mentioned the neglect of Smith's tragedy as disgraceful to the nation, and imputes it to the fondness for operas then

prevailing. The authority of Addison is great; yet the voice of the people, when to please the people is the purpose, deserves regard. In this question, I cannot but think the people in the right. The fable is mythological, a story which we are accustomed to reject as false, and the manners are so distant from our own, that we know them not from sympathy, but by study: the ignorant do not understand the action; the learned reject it as a school-boy's tale; *incredulus edi*. What I cannot for a moment believe, I cannot for a moment behold with interest or anxiety. The sentiments thus remote from life are removed yet further by the diction; which is too luxuriant and splendid for dialogue, and envelopes the thoughts rather than displays them. It is a scholar's play, such as may please the reader rather than the spectator; the work of a vigorous and elegant mind, accustomed to please itself with its own conceptions, but of little acquaintance with the course of life.

Dennis tells us, in one of his pieces, that he had once a design to have written the tragedy of *Phædra*; but was convinced that the action was too mythological.

In 1709, a year after the exhibition of *Phædra*, died John Philips, the friend and fellow-colleague of Smith; who, on that occasion, wrote a poem, which justice must place among the best elegies which our language can shew, an elegant mixture of tenderness and admiration, of dignity and softness.

There are some passages too ludicrous. But every human performance has its faults.

This elegy it was the mode among his friends to purchase for a guinea; and, as his acquaintance was numerous, it was a very profitable poem.

Of his *Pindar*, mentioned by Oldisworth, I have never otherwise heard. His *Longinus* he intended to accompany with some illustrations, and had selected his instances of the false *Sublime* from the works of Blackmore.

He resolved to try again the fortune of the Stage, with the story of Lady Jane Grey. It is not unlikely, that his experience of the inefficacy and incredibility of a mythological tale, might determine him to choose an action from English History, at no great distance from our own times, which was to end in a real event, produced by the operation of known characters.

A subject will not easily occur that can give more opportunities of informing the understanding, for which Smith was unquestionably qualified; or for moving the passions, in which I suspect him to have had less power.

Having formed his plan, and collected materials, he declared that a few months would complete his design; and, that he might pursue his work with less frequent avocations, he was, in June 1710, invited by Mr. George Duckett to his house at Gartham, in Wiltshire. Here he found such opportunities of indulgence as did not much forward his

LIFE OF SMITH.

studies, and particularly some strong ale, too delicious to be resisted. He ate and drank till he found himself plethoric; and, then resolving to ease himself by evacuation, he wrote to an apothecary in the neighbourhood a prescription of a purge so forcible, that the apothecary thought it his duty to delay it till he had given notice of its danger. Smith, not pleased with the contradiction of a shopman, and boastful of his own knowledge, treated the notice with rude contempt, and swallowed his own medicine, which, in July 1710, brought him to the grave. He was buried at Gartham.

Many years afterwards, Duckett communicated to Oldmixon, the historian, an account pretended to have been received from Smith, that Clarendon's history was, in its publication, corrupted by Aldrich, Smalldridge, and Atterbury; and that Smith was employed to forge and insert the alterations.

This story was published triumphantly by Oldmixon, and may be supposed to have been eagerly received, but its progress was soon checked; for finding its way into the *Journal of Trevoux*, it fell under the eye of Atterbury, then an exile in France, who immediately denied the charge, with this remarkable particular, that he never in his whole life had once spoken to Smith; his company being, as must be inferred, not accepted by those who attached to their characters.

The charge was afterwards very diligently refuted by Dr. Burton of Eton, a man eminent for literature, and though not of the same party with Aldrich and Atterbury, too studious of truth to leave them burthened with a false charge*. The testimonies which he has collected have convinced mankind that either Smith or Duckett was guilty of wilful and malicious falsehood.

This controversy brought into view those parts of Smith's life which, with more honour to his name, might have been concealed.

Of Smith I can yet say a little more. He was a man of such estimation among his companions, that the casual censures or praises which he dropped in conversation were considered, like those of Scaliger, as worthy of preservation.

He had great readiness and exactness of criticism, and, by a cursory glance over a new composition, would exactly tell all its faults and beauties.

He was remarkable for the power of reading with great rapidity, and of retaining with great fidelity what he so easily collected.

He therefore always knew what the present question required; and, when his friends expressed their wonder at his acquisitions, made in a state of apparent negligence and drunkenness, he never discovered his hours of reading or method of study,

* See Ep Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, 1704, Vol. iii. p. 124.



but involved himself in affected silence, and fed his own vanity with their admiration.

One practice he had, which was easily observed : if any thought or image was presented to his mind, that he could use or improve, he did not suffer it to be lost ; but, amidst the jollity of a tavern, or in the warmth of conversation, very diligently committed it to paper.

Thus it was that he had gathered two quires of hints for his new tragedy ; of which Rowe, when they were put into his hands, could make, as he says, very little use, but which the collector considered as a valuable stock of materials.

When he came to London, his way of life connected him with the licentious and dissolute ; and he affected the airs and gaiety of a man of pleasure ; but his dress was always deficient ; scholastic cloudiness still hung about him ; and his merriment was sure to produce the scorn of his companions.

With all his carelessness, and all his vices, he was one of the murmurers at Fortune ; and wondered why he was suffered to be poor, when Addison was caressed and preferred : nor would a very little have contented him ; for he estimated his wants at six hundred pounds a year.

In his course of reading, it was particular that he had diligently perused, and accurately remembered, the old romances of knight-errantry.

He had a high opinion of his own merit, and

was something contemptuous in his treatment of those whom he considered as not qualified to oppose or contradict him. He had many frailties; yet it cannot but be supposed that he had great merit, who could obtain to the same play a prologue from Addison, and an epilogue from Prior; and who could have at once the patronage of Halifax, and the praise of Oldisworth.

For the power of communicating these minute memorials, I am indebted to my conversation with Gilbert Walmsley, late registrar of the ecclesiastical court of Lichfield, who was acquainted both with Smith and Duckett, and declared, that, if the tale concerning Clarendon were forged, he should suspect Duckett of the falsehood; "for Rag" "was a man of great veracity."

Of Gilbert Walmsley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me; and I hope that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

He was of an advanced age, and I was only yet a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me.

He had mingled with the gay world ~~without~~

exemption from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind; his belief of Revelation was ~~un~~shaken; his learning preserved his principles, he grew first regular, and then pious.

His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great, and what he did not immediately know he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship.

At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found, with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend: but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

In the Library at Oxford is the following ludicrous Analysis of *Peroclines*:

EX AUTOGRAPHO.

[Sent by the Author to Mr. Urry.]

OPUSCULUM hoc, Halberdarie amplissime, in lucem proferre hactenus distuli, judicii tui acumen subveritus magis quam bipennis. Tandem aliquando Oden hanc ad te mitto sublimem, teneram, flebilem, suavem, qualem demum divinus (si Musis vacaret) scripsisset Gastrellus: adeo scilicet sublimem ut inter legendum dormire, adeo flebilem ut ridere velis. Cujus elegantiam ut melius inspicias, versuum ordinem & materiam breviter referam. 1^{us} versus de duobus præliis decantatis. 2^{us} & 3^{us} de Lotharingio, cuniculis subterraneis, saxis, ponto, hostibus, & Asia. 4^{us} & 5^{us} de catenis, subdibus, uncis, draconibus, tigribus & crocodilis. 6^{us}, 7^{us}, 8^{us}, 9^{us}, de Gomorrha, de Babylone, Babel, & quodam domus sue peregrino. 10^{us}, aliquid de quodam Pocockio. 11^{us}, 12^{us}, de Syriâ, Solymâ. 13^{us}, 14^{us}, de Hoseâ, & quercu, & de juvene quodam valde sene. 15^{us}, 16^{us}, de Ætâ, & quomodo Æta Pocockio fit valde similis. 17^{us}, 18^{us}, de tubâ, astro, umbrâ, flammis, rotis, Pocockio non neglecto. Cætera de Christianis, Ottomanis, Babylonis, Arabibus, & gravissimâ agrorum melancholiâ; de Cæsare Flacco*, Nestore, & miserando juvenis cujusdam florentissimi fato, anno ætatis sue centesimo

* Pro Flacco, animo paulo attentiore, scripsisset Merens.

præmaturè abrepti. Quæ omnia cum accuratè expenderis, necesse est ut Oden hanc meam admirandâ planè varietati constare fatearis. Subito ad Batavos proficiscor, lauro ab illis donandus. Prius vero Pembrochenses voco ad certam^m Poeticum. Vale.

Illustrissima tua deosculor crura.

E. SMITH.

A POEM

To the Memory of

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR.

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
 The bard who spread her fame to distant shores ;
 Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
 My honest zeal if not my verse commend,
 Forgive the poet, and approve the friend. }
 Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd ;
 One table fed you, and one bed contain'd :
 For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
 While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore ; }
 Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
 Oh ! had no summons from the noisy gown,
 Call'd thee unwilling, to the nauseous Town,
 Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd ;
 Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Physic fail'd :
 But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed, 16
 To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed ;
 Fruitless our hopes, tho' pious our essays,
 Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh, might I paint him in Miltonian verse 19
 With strains like those he sung on Glo'ner's barge ;
 But with the meaner tribe I 'm fow'd to chime,
 And wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
 And all the battle thunders in his lines !
 His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
 And France to Philips, as to Churchill bends. 26

Oh various Bard ! you all our pow'rs control,
 You now disturb, and now divert the soul,
 Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine ;
 Above the last thy manly beauties shine , 30
 For as I 'ave seen, when rival wits contend,
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend ;
 This, on quick turns and points in vain relies—
 That, with a look demure, and steady eyes, }
 With dry rebukes, or sneering praise, replies ; }
 So thy grave lines extort a juster smile, 36
 Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style :
 He speaks Scarron's low phrase, in humble strains ;
 In thee, the solemn air of grave Cervantes reigns,

What sounding lines his abject themes express !
 What shining words the pompous Shilling dress !
 There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
 The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
 In her best light the Comic Muse appears, 44
 When, she with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

So, when nurse Nokes to act young Ammon
 tries,
 With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes ;
 With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
 And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe ;
 The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
 And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear Shade ! the scene my folly draws,
 Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause, —
 When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more com-
 plain,

But, in his lulling music, lose their pain, — 55
 So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
 So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse
 Here, rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
 Here, lofty lines the kindling reader fire, 59
 Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
 Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams im-
 Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love ; [prove,
 Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
 Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Seudmore's wine, }
 And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine }

Rise, rise, Roscommon ! see the Blenheim Muse
 The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse ;
 See, o'er the Alps his tow'ring pinions soar,
 Where never English poet reach'd before, 70
 See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
 By turns, on Cosmo, and the bard attend,
 Rich, in the coins and busts of ancient Rome, —
 In him, he brings a nobler treasure home :
 In them, he views her gods and domes design'd, —
 In him, the soul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind :
 To him for ease retires from toils of state,
 Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our Spenser, first, by Pisan poets taught, 79
 To us their tales, their style, and numbers, brought.

To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend ;
 From Philips borrow, tho' to Spenser lend ;
 Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain :
 They first on English bards impos'd the chain ;
 First, by an English' bard, from rhyme their
 freedom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme ! that cramps to equal chime
 The gay, the soft, the florid and sublime.
 Some say, this chain the doubtful sense decides,
 Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides. —
 I 'm sure, in needless bonds it poets ties, — 90
 Procrustes-like, the axe or wheel applies,
 To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size :
 At best, a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong ;
 And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the
 close,

Of rise to fustian, or descend to prose. 96
 Your judgment, Philips ! rul'd with steady sway ;
 You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,
 To stop her fury, or direct her way ;
 Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore, 100
 To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackled dancer tries,
 As prone to fall, as impotent to rise ;
 When, freed, he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
 He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends ;
 Now, dropping, seems to strike the distant ground,
 Now, high in air, his quiv'ring feet rebound.

Rail on, ye Triflers, who to Will's repair,
 For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
 Rail on at Milton's son, who, wisely bold, 110
 Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
 Thus, Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
 In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
 The ancient words the majesty complete,
 And make the poem venerably great: 115
 So, when the queen in royal habit's drest,
 Old mystic emblems grace the imperial vest,—
 And, in Eliza's robes, all Anna stands confest. }

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
 At Dick's, and Batson's, and thro' Smithfield,
 prais'd,

Cries out aloud—"Bold Oxford Bard! forbear
 "With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
 Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars;
 But paints in fustian; or, in turn, deplores;
 With Bunyan's stile, profanes heroic songs, 125
 To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
 For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
 And in low prose dull Lucifer complain;
 His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
 Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame, thy Works prevail,
 Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
 Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides;
 And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides.
 You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear, 135
 And yet on humble subjects great appear.

Thrice happy Youth ! whom noble Isis crowns,
 Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
 So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
 The list'ning nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung ;
 But cits and fops the heav'n-born music blame,
 And hawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame.
 Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
 As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong. 144

Oh ! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
 The tow'ring bard had sung, in nobler lays—
 How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
 How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread ;
 How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions show ;
 And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow, }
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below. }
 Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh ! best of friends ! will ne'er the silent urn
 To our just vows the hapless youth return ? 155
 Must he no more divert the tedious day,
 Nor sparkling thoughts in antic words convey ?
 No more to harmless irony descend,
 To noisy fools a grave attention lend, }
 Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend ? }
 No more in false pathetic phrase complain 161
 Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain ?
 Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse ?
 Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse ?
 Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell ;
 How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell ?

How, while the troubled elements around,
 Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound,—
 Thro' streams of smoke and adverse fire he rides,
 While every shot is levell'd at his sides? 170
 How while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
 And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
 In the first front amidst a slaughter'd pile
 High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle?
 Whom shall I find unbrass'd in dispute, 175
 Fager to learn, unwilling to confute?
 To whom the labours of my soul, disclose,
 Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
 Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends. 180
 He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
 Yet more by Conscience, than by friendship sway'd;
 Against himself his gratitude maintain'd;
 By favours past, not future prospects, gain'd;
 Not nicely choosing, tho' by all desir'd; 185
 Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd;
 Candid to all, but to himself severe,
 In humour pliant, as in life austere;
 A wise content his even soul secur'd,
 By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd; 190
 To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,—
 Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
 To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
 Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles, his own.
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view, 195
 Our authors' works, and lives, and souls he knew;

Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
 'The one his pattern, and the one his theme.
 With equal judgment his capacious mind
 Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
 Judicious physic's noble art to gain, 201
 All drugs and plants explor'd,—alas! in vain;
 The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
 Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
 Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
 And made him scorn the life they could not save.

Eise, could he bear, unmov'd, the fatal guest, }
 The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress, }
 The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?— }
 Could he, unmov'd, approaching death sustain,
 Its slow advances and its racking pain?— 211
 Could he, serene, his weeping friends survey, }
 In his last hours his easy wit display, }
 Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay. }

Once on thy friends look down, lamented Shade!
 And view the honours to thy ashes paid;— 216
 Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine; }
 Others immortal epitaphs design, }
 With wit and strength that only yield to thine. }
 Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string, 220
 Awake from slumber and attempt to sing.
 Thee, Philips! thee, despairing Vaga mourns,
 And gentle Ias soft complaints returns;
 Dourer laments amidst the war's alarms;
 And Cecil weeps, in beauteous Tufon's arms;

Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores,—
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mmdful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But, most, at Virgil's tomb, his swelling sorrows

But you, his darling friends,—lament no more,
Display his fame and not his fate deplore ; 232
And let no tears from erring Pity flow
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS! did ever to thy wond'ring eyes
So bright a scene of triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear
As crown'd the last auspicious year?
When, first, at Blenheim, ANNE her ensigns spread,
And Marlborough to the field the shouting squa-
In vain the hills and streams oppose, [drons led,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose;
To the rough Danube's winding shore
His shatter'd foes the conqu'ring hero bore.

II.

They see, with staring haggard eyes,
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise ;
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find
In Marib'rough's arms a surer fate behind.

Now his red sword aloft impends,
 Now on their shrinking heads descends :
 Wild, and distracted with ~~them~~ fears,
 They, justling, plunge amidst the sounding deeps ;
 The flood away the struggling squadrons sweeps,
 And men, and arms, and horses, whirling, bears.
 The frighted Danube to the sea retreats ;
 The Danube, soon, the flying ocean meets,— }
 Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets. }

III.

Rooke, on the seas, asserts her sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
 And clouds of smoke involve the day ; }
 Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
 And Afric echoes from its distant shore.
 The French,—unequal in the fight,
 In force superior,—take their flight.
 Factions, in vain, the hero's worth decry ;
 In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus ! with a future view
 The glories of her reign survey,—
 Which shall o'er France her arms display,
 And kingdoms now her own subduc.
 Lewis, for oppression born,
 Lewis, in his turn, shall mourn,—
 While his conquer'd, happy swains
 Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.
 Others, enslav'd by victory
 Their subjects as their foes oppress ;

ANNA conquers—but to free,
And governs—but to bless.

ODE.

ORAMOND's glory, Marlborough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ,
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleasing sound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms,—
Yet the universal joy
Feels a sensible alloy!

Mighty George!* the senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's pray'r!
While the stroke of Fate we dread
Impending o'er thy sacred head,—
The British youth, for thee, submit to fear,—
For her, the dames in cloudy grief appear.

Let the noise of war and joy
Rend again the trembling sky,
Great George revives, to calm our fears,
With prospects of more glorious years;
Deriv'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
More cheerful airs refresh the British Isles.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Tremble, France, we come, we come!

* George Prince of Denmark husband to the Queen.

170 ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

Almighty force our courage warms,
We feel the full, the pow'rful charms
Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms !

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR CHARLES KING, IN FIVE PARTS.

*For the Degree of Bachelor of Music, performed at the
Theatre in Oxford, on Friday the 11th of July 1707.*

MUSIC ! soft charm of Heav'n and earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth ?
Or art thou of eternal date,
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate ?—
Ere the rude ponderous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang,
The morning Stars their anthems sang,
And nought in heav'n was heard but melody and
love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The Seraphin, with the bright host
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Worship before th' Eternal Shrine,
Their happy privilege, in hymns and anthems, boast ;
In love and wonder, pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine,
The massy orb in which we sluggards move,

As if sequester'd from the arts divine :—
Here 's Music, too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES

Hark how the feather'd choir their matins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
E'er since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a gen'ral concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part,
And all but Death and Hell to conqu'ring **Magic** yield.

But stay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debase,
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 't is
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too,
So dang'rous 't is to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who say the prophet's harp e'er spoil'd the poet's
song.

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse I retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And, in that safe and sweet retreat,
Amongst Apollo's sons, enquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there;

But sure, so near the Thespian spring,
The humblest bard may sit and sing;
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

JAM non vulgares, Isis, molire triumphos,
Augustos Isis nunquam tacitura Stuartos.

* From the "*Strenæ Natalitiæ Academicæ Oxoniensis in æclissimum Principem Oxoniæ, e Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1688.*" The uncommon excellence of Edmund Smith's productions, must insure them a favorable reception; especially when it is considered, that at the time of their composition he was only one remove from a school-boy. Had Dr. Johnson seen the first of these publications, he would not have been at a loss to determine, in the excellent life he has given the world of Smith, whether the latter was admitted in the University in the year 1689, as he would thence have been enabled to pronounce with certainty, that he was, in 1688, a Member of Christchurch. I take this to have been the year of Smith's admission; and that he was then just come-off from Westminster, in time to signalise his abilities, by writing on the birth of the Prince of Wales, when a *Freshman*, (according to the University phrase, and before he was appointed to a studentship; for his name is subscribed to that copy of verses, with the addition of *Contemner*. The great superiority of genius that is displayed in this first—School-boy's—production of Smith, beyond what Addison has discovered in his first performance, "The Pastoral on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary," sufficiently accounts for Smith's being, as Dr. Johnson represents, "one of the murderers at Fortune's table, and wondering why he was suffered to be poor, when Addison was careened and preferred." Smith could not but be conscious of the greater degree of literary spirit he himself possessed, even in the very department to which Addison owed the earlier part of his fame, the writing of Latin verse;—and, on comparing their juvenile performances, it is evident that Smith had reason enough for that consciousness. Addison first recommended him self to notice, by his dedication of the *Human Rights* to Lord Higham, and by the poem of his own thereby inscribed. But what are his poems in comparison of Smith's.

KYNASTON.

Tu quoties crebris cumulasti altaria donis
 Multa rogans numen, cui vincta jugalia curæ !
 At jam votivam Superis suspende tabellam ;
 Sunt rata vota tibi, sævique oblita doloris
 Amplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
 Languentes dudum priscus vigor afflat ocellos,
 Infans et caræ suspensus in ocula Matris
 Numine jam spirat blando, visumque tenellum
 Miscet parva quidem, sed vivida patris imago.
 O etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
 Vivat canitie terris venerandus eâdem !
 Omen habet certè superâ quod vescitur aurâ
 Tum primum, lætos æstas cum pandat honores,
 Omnia cum vireant, cum formosissimus annus.
 Et Vos felices optatâ prole Parentes !
 Quos nunc Parca pijs respexit mota querelis :
 En ! vestræ valuere preces ; victrixque Deorum
 Fata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti :
 Proles chara datur senio, inconcessa juventæ.
 Si citius soboles nullo miranda daretur
 Prodigio, sanctis vix digna Parentibus esset :
 O quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus ?
 I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
 Et semper magni vestigia Patris adora :
 Hic primâ nondum indutus imagine malas
 Invictis orbem per totam inclavit armis.
 Illius ad tonitru Belgæ tremescere, Jacobum
 Agnovit dominum sanctissimis navis velis.
 Te quoque Belgæ tremant, nutant rediviva Sacra
 Fulmina, cujus adhuc univæ concervæ hincant

Ore cicatrices, vastæ et monumenta ruinæ.
 Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas :
 Ipse tuo da jura mari.
 Cumque Pater tandem divis miscebitur ipse
 Divus, (at ô ! tardè sacra ducite stamina, Parcæ,)
 Assere tu nostri jus immortale Monarchæ ;
 Tu rege subjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

EDMUNDUS SMITH, *Ædis Christi Commensalis.*

ON

THE INAUGURATION OF

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

MAURITII ingentis celso de sanguine natum,
 Mauritioque parem, solenni dicere versu
 Te, Gulielme, juvat : nunc, ô ! mihi pectora flam-
 Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excites idem, {mâ
 Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
 Instigat, mediosque ardentem impellit in hostes.

Te tenero latè jactabat fama sub ævo :
 Cæpisti, quâ finis erat ; maturaque virtus
 Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque sequentes
 Annos præcurrit longè, et post terga reliquit.
 Jam Te, jam videor flagrantem cernere vultus,
 Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas :
 Jam cerno oppositas acies, quanto impete præceps

* *From the "Fête Constantinale" pro ardentissimo Gulielmo*

* *Rege & Maria Regina M. Brabantia, &c. inauguratâ.*

* *Oratio, a Theatro Constantinensi. An. Dom. 1689.*

Tela per et gladios raperis; quo fulmine belli
 Adversum frangis cuneum, et media agmina misces.
 Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
 Invictis semper clarus Turennius armis,
 Et, quacunque ruit, fero bacchatur et igni?
 Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
 Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipse Batavis.
 Congrederis, non Te Gallorum immenia terrent
 Agmina, non magni Turennius agminis instar.
 Heu quas tum ferro strages, quæ funera latè
 Edideris, quantosque viros demiseris orco!
 Sic cum congestos struxère ad sidera montes
 Terrigenæ fratres, superos detrudere cælo
 Aggressi, posito tum plectro intonsus Apollo
 Armata sumpsit fatalia spicula dextrâ:
 Tunc audax ruit in bellum, & furit acer in armis,
 Et Martem, atque ipsas longè anteit fulminis alas.

Extremos ô quam vellem memorare labores!
 Quam vellem sævi superata pericula ponti!
 Cui meritò nunc jura dabis: quam flebile fatum
 Tristesque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor,
 Immortos, canere; at jamjam sub pondere tanto
 Deficio, heroemque æquor non passibus æquis.
 Sed fesso memoranda dies, quæ regna Britannum
 Debit, quæ sacros accepti regalis honores
 Accipies, cingesque aureo diademate frontem.
 Anglos servasti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
 Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
 Fulcivit patrum, quem mox possedit, Olympum.

E. SMITH, Adus Christi Alumnus.

ON
THE RETURN OF
KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

*After the Battle of the Boyne**

O INGENS. Heros ! O tot defuncte periculis !
Ergo iterum victor nostris allaberis oris ?
Atque os belligerum, torvumque in praelia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete ?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum ?
Oraque divinum spirant jam mitia lumen ?
Non sic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos ;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, enseque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris hacchatus in arvis
Invitus : (neque enim crudeles edere strages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem satiare Tuorum.)
Sic olim amplexus Semeles petuisse Tonantem
Fama est terribilem nigranti fulmine et igni :
Maluit hic caris accumbere mutior ulnis,
Inque suam invitum trahit inscia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi assueta triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immensos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, foedæque ingloria tædia pacis
Exosus, rursusque ardens in Martia castra,
Sanguineasque acies, fulgentesque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum se misit in arma.

* From the *Academia Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro accepto*
" *avventurati Regis Guilielmi ex Hibernia reditu.* Oxonii, 6
" *Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1690.*"

Gallus enim sævit, miserosque cruentus Hibernos
 Servitio premit, et victa dominatur Ierne.
 Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
 Horrendum strident, iterumque resurgere credas
 Macquirum squalentum, atque Anglo sanguine
 fœdum,

Exultantem immane, et vastâ clade superbum.
 O Gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
 Frustra Bufo tuis, et Aranea cessit ab oris,
 Dum pecus Ignati invisum, fœdique cuculli,
 It Monachi sanctè protenso abdomine tardi
 Vipeream inspirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
 Assurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
 Qui juga captivo excussat servilia collo:
 Sed frustra securo hostis munimine valli
 Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque sequentem.
 Augendis restat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
 Vindictæ semper Gulielmi fata reservant
 Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.
 Sic frustra Atrides, frustra Telamonius heros,
 Ad Trojam frustra pugnarunt mille carinæ,
 Nec nisi Achilleâ funduntur pergæa dextrâ.
 Ergo, Boada, tuus splendet Gulielmus in arvis,
 Magna Boada, ipsi famâ haud cessura Mosellæ.
 Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in ignem
 Semulant oculis, et toto pectore fervent!
 Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ graus frontis
 Purpureæ metuenda, et no memabilis horror!
 Sic cum dimissum fertur per nubila fulmen,
 Et juvat, et nimâ perstringit lumina flammâ,

Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum insilit alveum !
 Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hostem !
 Dum vastas strages et multa ~~quad~~ vera passim
 Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo :
 Dum pergenti obstat moles immensa suorum,
 Et torpet misto concretum sanguine Flumen.
 Pergit atrox Heros ; frustra olli tempora circum
 Spicula mille canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ :
 Frustra hastatæ acies obstant, firmæque phalanges ;
 Frustra acres Celtæ : sunt Ille, atque impiger hostes
 Et fugat, et sternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
 Versus retro hostis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
 Torpentesque lacus cæno, horrendosque recessus
 Dumorum ; et cæci prodest injuria cœli.

Attamen ô, non sic fausto movet alite bellum
 Schombergus ; non sic nobis favet alea Martis,
 Occidit heu ! Schombergus iniqui crimine cœli ;
 Non illum vernans circum sua tempora laurus
 Conservat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.
 At nunc ad cœlum fugit, et pede sidera calcit,
 Spectat et Heros, ipse et spectandus ab illis,
 Hunc dicet veniens ætas, senique nepotes,
 Ex quicunque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem,
 Corpiit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
 Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque reposcit.
 Crescas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
 Henrici repetit : media Lodovicus in aula
 Jamdudum tremat, et Gulielmi ad nomina palles.

EDM. SMITH, *Ædis Chr. Alama,*

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
 Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
 Acer ad notos calamus labores
 Sponte recurrit.

Quid prius nostris potiùsve chartis
 Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
 Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor
 Mitto salutem?—

Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
 Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
 Non minor nostro novitatus ardor;
 Tu quoque Scriptor.

Detulit rumor (mibi multa defert
 Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
 Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
 pune stetisse.

Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
 Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
 An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,

Scripta supersunt?
 Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?
 Cui meam laudas generositatem?
 Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,

Mane salutas.
 Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
 Quid Caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
 Quid Comes *Guildford*, quid habent novorum
Dawksque Dyerque.

Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam vixit, lacrimansque narrat,
 Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
 Funere *Rixon*.

Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
 Hospitem notæ perisse *Mitræ*;
 Narrat immersam prope limen urbis
 Flumine cymbam.

Narrat—at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
 Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocat me
Sherwin, et scribendæ aliò requirunt
 Mille tabellæ.

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
 Limen attingit ubi gratus hospes
 Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit
 Isidis arces,

Qualis exultat ubi pars mamillæ
 Læva, quum cantu proprio sident
 Missiles et jam moncam adesse
 Cornua, chartas.

Tale per nostrum jecur et medullas
 Gaudium fluxit, sensul ac reclusis
 Vinculis vidi benè literas
 Nomen amici.

Obvios fures, uti fama verum
 Retulit, sensu pavidus tremensque;
 Sed, fur, umque, excipias tumorem,
 Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
 Consciam, et tristes memoris tenebras,
 Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
 Te duce *Colum.*

Flebilis legi miseranda docti
 Fata pictoris, sed et hōc iniqua
 Damna consolor, superest perempto
Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
 Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præstabit, nisi fors Ierni
 Hospita Cygni.

Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simul ambulanti
 Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*
 Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
 Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
 Qui tibi totus vacat, et vacabit
 Nec vetat *Uxor.*

Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ
Lesbia vatis numeros secutus;
 Si novi quid sit, melius docebit
 Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

"Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
 "Multa qui de te memorant culullos
 "Inter, et pulli, vice literarum,
 "Crus ubi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat, Ducum,
 Meum POCOCCI barbiton exigis,
 Manésque Musam fastuosam
 Sollicitant pretiosiores.
 Alter virentum prorurat agmina
 Sonora Thracum, donâque Philodi
 Agat puellas, heu decoris
 Virginibus nimis invidenti.
 Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
 Ardor serendæ, sanctaque Veritas
 Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
 Præcipitant Asiæ misertum :
 Cohors catenis quâ pia stridulis
 Gemunt onusti, vel subde trans sinum
 Luctantur actâ, pendulive
 Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
 Sennis ut edunt sibila, ut ardui
 Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
 Intorquet ungues, ejulatque
 In madido crocodilus antro
 Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos
 Ardere fluctus, quâ stetit impia
 Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
 Hausta rubrâ, pluvitque flammis :
 Quoddam ista tellus ac similes tibi
 Si fortè denos numerat Viros,
 Adhuc vetusset, nec vibrato
 Dextra Des tonuisset igne.

Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nimi ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, crescentibusque
Vertice sideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam? Amici disparibus sonis
Eludit aures nescius artifex,
Linguasque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
Quot tu, POCOCCI, dissimilis tui
Orator effers, quot vicissim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam sensum
Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam superbis, et verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis
Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
Cum busta Christi provolutus
Ambiguis lachrymis rigaret!
Sacrisque arbor multa POCOCCIO,
Locosque monstrans inquit æccola.
Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornos.
Hic audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebraza Moen, inde POCOCCIUM
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque suam didicere linguam.
Ac sicut sibiens perpetua nive
Simul favillas, et cineres mon

Eructat ardenti, et pruinis
 Contiguas rotat Ætna flammæ ;
 Sic te trementem, te nigræ candidum
 Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
 Sequi reluctantem Ioëlem
 Per tonitru, aeræasque nubes
 Annon pavescis, dum tuba pallidum
 Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
 Caligat astrum, atque incubanti
 Terra nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ ?
 Quod agmen ! heu quæ turma sequacibus
 Tremenda flammis ! quis strepitantium
 Flictus rotarum ~~est~~ ! O ПОСОККИ
 Egregie ! O animose Vatis
 Interpres abstrusi ! O simili ferè
 Corrupte flammâ ! te, quot imagine
 Crucis notantur, te, subacto
 Christicolæ gravis Ottomannus
 Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
 Narrant poëtæ, te phœtreis Arabs
 Plorat revulsis, et fragoros
 Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
 Quæ Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris,
 Quæ nec Matronis scripta, ПОСОККИUS
 Ploratur ingens, et dolenda
 Nestoræ brevis senectæ.

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